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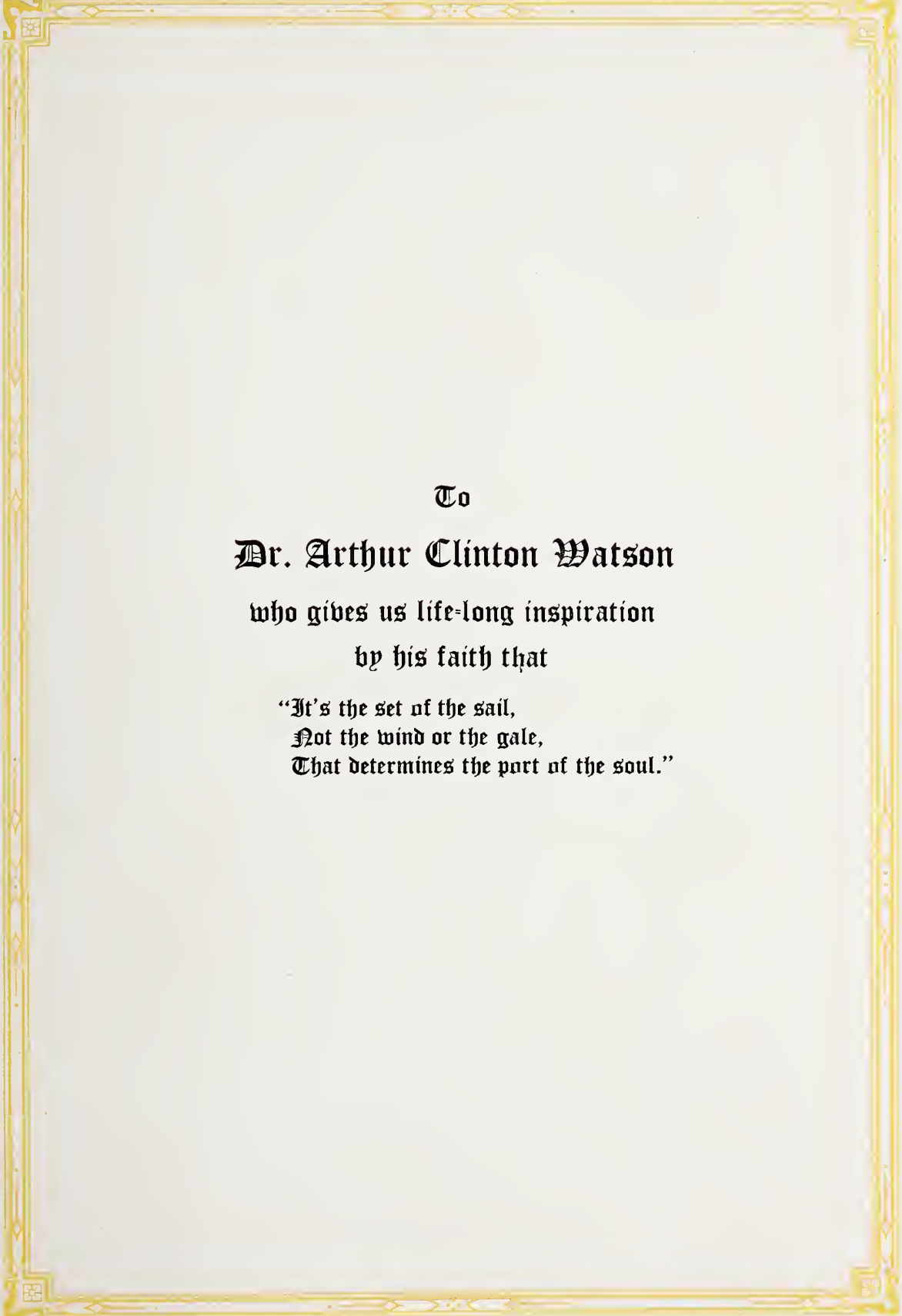
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1918

The 1918 Cupola

Edited by
The Junior Class
of
Rockford College







To
Dr. Arthur Clinton Watson
who gives us life-long inspiration
by his faith that
“It’s the set of the sail,
Not the wind or the gale,
That determines the port of the soul.”

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ONEITA JADWIN, B.S., M.A.
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Voice, Director of College Glee Club, Classes in Sight
Singing
- MRS. GEORGE NELSON HOLT, A.B., F. A. G. O.
Piano, Musical Appreciation
- JANET SIMM COBB
Violin
- CELESTE BENGSTON
Assistant in Children's Department, Practice Teacher in
Piano and Harmony





Recital

BY

ELIZABETH KIMBALL, *Pianist*

MRS. WILNA SOVERHILL ARTHUR, *Violinist*

MR. ARTHUR, *Cellist*

MISS F. MARION RALSTON, *Accompanist*

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

ROCKFORD COLLEGE MUSICAL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Rockford College Chapel, Friday, June 8, 1917, at 8:15 P.M.

Four Ancient Dances from the Partita in B flat major		<i>Bach</i>
Prelude—Sarabande		
Menuets I and II—Gigue		
Gavotte		<i>Gluck-Brahms</i>
Capriccio in B minor		<i>Brahms</i>
	ELIZABETH KIMBALL	
Sonata		<i>Handel</i>
	MRS. ARTHUR	
To an Old White Pine		<i>MacDowell</i>
From Uncle Remus		<i>MacDowell</i>
Colonial Song		<i>Percy Grainger</i>
Etude in D flat major (Un Sospiro)		<i>Liszt</i>
	ELIZABETH KIMBALL	
Largo	}	<i>Ralston</i>
Reverie		
	MRS. ARTHUR	
Trio in C minor		<i>Edward Schutt</i>
	MRS. ARTHUR, Violin	
	MR. ARTHUR, Cello	
	ELIZABETH KIMBALL, Piano	

Baccalaureate Program

ORGAN PRELUDE—Romance Sans Paroles

LAURA GRANT-SHORT

Joseph Bonnet

PROCESSIONAL—Ancient of Days . . .

ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

J. A. Jeffery

SCRIPTURE READING

MR. HENRY J. HADFIELD

PRAYER

PROF. CHARLES A. DICE, A.B., B.D., M.A.

CHANT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS—

“THE MEANING OF TRUE PATRIOTISM”

PRESIDENT JULIA H. GULLIVER, PH.D., LL.D.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

ORGAN POSTLUDE—Piece Heroique . . .

LAURA GRANT-SHORT

Joseph Bonnet

“As You Like It”

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, living in banishment.....	Sarah Sears
FREDERICK, his brother, usurper of his dominions.....	Letitia Knight
AMIENS } Lords attending on the banished Duke.....	{ Virginia Frisbee
JACQUES }	{ Gertrude Sykes
A LORD	Doris Engle
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.....	Ellen Schoch
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.....	Constance Fisher
OLIVER } Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.....	{ Helen Hyde
JACQUES }	{ Maxine Smith
ORLANDO }	{ Margaret Seymour
ADAM } Servants to Oliver.....	{ Bernice Johnson
DENNIS }	{ Lea Gordon
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.....	Lois Van Alstine
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.....	May Johnson
CORIN } Shepherds.....	{ Grace Sheets
SILVIUS }	{ Mabel Rosseter
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.....	Helen Rohe
ROSALIND, a daughter to the banished Duke.....	Mildred Sheerer
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.....	Dorothy Marston
PHOEBE, a shepherdess.....	Frances Keith
AUDREY, a country wench.....	Esther Strote

ATTENDANTS ON DUKE, FORESTERS, CHORUS AND DANCERS

Olive Adams	Margaret Everett	Margaret Manning	Alice Ross
Aline Bartholomew	Marie Gleasman	Beatrice Morley	Estle Russell
Ruth Beckley	Ruth Gleasman	Louise Nichols	Grace Ryan
Maria Brogunier	Edna Glover	Cordelia Olmsted	Beulah Sammons
Mary Buske	Gertrude Grow	Elizabeth O'Reilly	Helen Sipfle
Catherine Cadogan	Grace Hall	Frances Osborn	Lillian Smith
Florence Colegrove	Florence Hanna	Elizabeth Penrose	Virginia Treadwell
Eleanor Coppins	Martha Hinebaugh	Mary Pickard	Zoa Velde
Laura Daniels	Lenore Hurst	Ada Pfitzenmeyer	Beatrice Warner
Mildred Dellicker	Aldena Johnston	Ruth Reynolds	Nellie Warner
Helen Dent	Gladys Koch	Jeannette Rogers	Leonore Weber
	Ruth Whittemore		Dorothy Woodbury

The scenes are laid at Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and in the Forest of Arden.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC

Overture.....	
“Under the greenwood tree”.....	<i>De Arne</i> (arr. by Harry Rowe Shelley)
“Blow, blow thou winter wind”.....	<i>Arne-Shelley</i>
“Who is Sylvia?”.....	<i>Schubert</i>
“Hark, hark the Lark”.....	<i>Schubert</i>
“What shall he have that killed the deer?”.....	<i>Sir Henry R. Bishop</i>
“Wedding is great Juno's crown”.....	<i>Wagner</i>
“It was a lover and his lass”.....	<i>C. W. Chadwick</i>



Class Day Festival

PAGEANT—A SUMMER SUNSET

Here hath been dawning another blue Day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day was born;
Into eternity at night must return.

—Thomas Carlyle.

PRELUDE

It is the end of summer's day and "all the leaves that lay burned in the heat of the consuming day," sink inert to the ground, waiting till the welcome evening dew shall come and revive them.

SCENE I

The little yellow primroses dawn on our view, their faces turned toward the golden Sun before whom they kneel in adoration. Then in response to his glowing warmth, they burst into a joyous dance. Slowly the Sun disappears behind the hill, and the Primroses grow quieter and still more quiet as their beloved god leaves them.

SCENE II

"Her mist of primroses within her breast
Twilight hath folded up, and o'er the west,
Seeking remoter valleys long hath gone,
Not yet hath come her sister of the dawn.
Silence and *Coolness* now the earth enfold."

SCENE III

On the top of the tallest tree, the wood-thrush pours out its roundelay of parting to the passing day.

SCENE VI

*****"The little lives that lie
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh
More softly still;"

SCENE V

"*Jewels of glittering green*, long *Mists of gold*,
Haves of nebulous silver veil the height,
And shake in tremors through the shadowy night."

SCENE VI

"Heard through the stillness, as in whispered words,
The wandering God-guided wings of *Birds*."

SCENE VII

****"and unheard through the blue
The falling of innumerable *Dew*,
Lifts with grey fingers all the leaves that lay
Burned in the heat of the consuming day."

SCENE VIII. FINALE

Now the glorious colors of the setting sun appear on our horizon—violet, rose, flame, pink, yellow—their rays streaming down to all the woodland life. Soon these colors dissolve from our view and are transformed into the Rose of Paradise.

"O splendor of God, through which I saw the high triumph of the true kingdom, give to me power to tell how I saw it!

"Light, is thereabove which makes the Creator visible to that creature which has its peace only in seeing Him; and it spreads in circular shape so far that its circumference would be too large a girdle for the sun. Its whole appearance is made of a ray reflected from the summit of the First Moving Heaven, which from it takes its life and potency. And as a hill mirrors itself in water at its base, as if to see itself adorned, when it is rich with verdure and with flowers, so, above the light, round and round about, on more than a thousands seats, I saw mirrored, as they rose, all that of us have made return on high. And if the lowest row gather within itself so great a light, how vast is the spread of this rose in its outermost leaves! My sight lost not itself in the breadth and in the height, but took in all the quantity and the quality of that joy. There near and far nor add nor take away; for where God governs without intermediary the natural law is of no relevancy."

—Dante's "Paradiso."

The yellow of this sempiternal Rose of Paradise catches up and glorifies the yellow of the summer evening. "Within the profound and clear subsistence of the lofty Light appeared to me three circles of three colors and of one dimension; and one seemed reflected by the other, as Iris by Iris, and the third seemed fire, which from the one and from the other is equally breathed forth."

DANCERS

1. DAY.....Irene Bartlett
Children, Marion Lewis, Sallie Parmele
Music—Ich Liebe Dich
2. GREEN LEAVES: Aline Bartholomew, Lucy-Ellen Brown, Martha Hinebaugh, Jeannette Ingwersen, Bernice Johnson, Hazel Miners, Elizabeth Morrison, Ada Pfitzenmeyer, Estle Russell, Beulah Sammons.
Music—Visioning Hours

3. SUN AND PRIMROSES

SUN.....Beatrice Warner
PRIMROSES—Olive Adams, Ruth Beckley, Ruth Bennett, Helen
Golder, Laura Daniels, Mildred Dellicker, Helen Hyde, Margaret
Manning, Elizabeth Penrose, Alice Ross, Virginia Treadwell, Ruth
Wilson.

Music from Woodland Paths, Op. 35, No. 1

4. TWILIGHT.....Lucy Whitsel
SILENCE.....Marie Gleasman
COOLNESS.....Lea Gordon

Music—Dream Waltz

5. THRUSHES' TWILIGHT SONG

Music—Flute Solo from Woodland Paths, Op. 35, No. 4.

6. LITTLE LIVES

Constance Fisher, Margaret Hanna, Lenore Hurst, Dorothy Jamison,
May Johnson, Gladys Koch, Shirley Meyers, Elizabeth O'Reilly,
Hazel Reaugh, Helen Rohe

Music—Dance of the Grasshopper.

7. GLITTERING GREEN, GOLD MISTS, NEBULOUS SILVER

GLITTERING GREEN—Ruth Gleasman, Abby Gregory, Grace Hall,
Esther Waite

GOLD MISTS—Irene Teller, Harriet Burpee, Alice Freeman,

NEBULOUS SILVER—Frances Keith, Elizabeth Rearick, Helen Sipfle

Music—Intermezzo Orientale

8. BIRDS

SCARLET TANAGERS—Gertrude Grow, Aldena Johnston

BLUE BIRDS—Ruth Craig, Ruth Griggs

ORIOLES—Letitia Knight, Mabel Rosseter

RED-HEADED WOODPECKERS—Virginia Schneider, Mildred Sheerer

Music—Les Oiseaux

9. DEW.....Zoa Velde

Music—Falling Dew

10. TABLEAU—SUNSET

Doris Bockius, Lucile Boyle, Dorothy Gibson, Helen Lawrie, Louise
Nichols, Irma Savage, Helen Rundorff, Eleanor Coppins, Dorothy
Marston, Lila Dole, Ellen Schoch, Margaret Seymour, Eleanor Shaw,
Dorothy Stoops, Marion Wanstrom, Catherine Fair, Lois VanAlstine,
Doris Volland, Margaret Teuscher, Nancy Ambler, Margaret Everett,
Ruth Whittemore, Helen Baldwin, Sarah Sears, Viola Redding, Anna
Pettit, Lillian Lewis, Natalie Wilkinson, Doris Engle, Florence MacNeal.

Music—Sunset.

11. Finale—ROSE OF PARADISE

Music—a. Visioning Hours; b. Marche Heroique.



The Tennis Tournament

PRELIMINARIES

Seniors defeated Sophomores
Freshmen defeated Juniors

FINALS

Freshmen defeated Senior
Score: 6-4; 6-0.

Senior Team—
Helen Douglas
Marie Gleasman

Junior Team—
Olive Adams
Estle Russell

Sophomore Team—
Helen Hyde
Helen Rankin

Freshman Team—
Virginia Schneider
Ruth Wilson

Commencement Concert

Piano—*Hummel*.....Concerto in A minor
First Movement

MARGARET EVERETT

Voice—*Burleigh*.....Deep River
Bohm.....Still wie die Nacht

MARIA BROGUNIER

Organ—*Alexandre Guilmant*.....Eighth Sonata
Scherzo—Andante Sostenuto—allegro con brio

GRACE E. RYAN

Voice—*Brewer*.....“Fairy Pipers”
Seiler.....“A Burst of Melody”

MARTHA HINEBAUGH

Piano—*Leschetizky*.....Barcarolle Op. 39
Chopin.....Impromptu in C sharp minor

ESTHER STROTE

Organ—*Charles M. Widor*.....Second Symphony
Pastorale—Andante—Finale

HELEN LOW EATON

Voice—*Lohr*.....“Where my caravan has rested”
Thomas.....“Je suis Titania” (from Mignon)

GLADYS KOCH

Trio—*Alexandre Guilmant*.....Melody in G major

ELIZABETH O'REILLY, Violin
ELEANOR COPPINS, Organ
DOROTHY MARSTON, Piano

Commencement Program

Processional—Commencement March *Saint-Saens*
LAURA GRANT-SHORT

Responsive Service—
President Gulliver and Rockford College Students

Scripture Reading—
REV. JOHN GORDON, B.D.

Prayer—
REV. JOHN GORDON, B.D.

Response—Threefold Amen
ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

Holy Art Thou (Largo) *Handel*
ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

Commencement Address—
MR. FRANCIS G. BLAIR, LL.D.

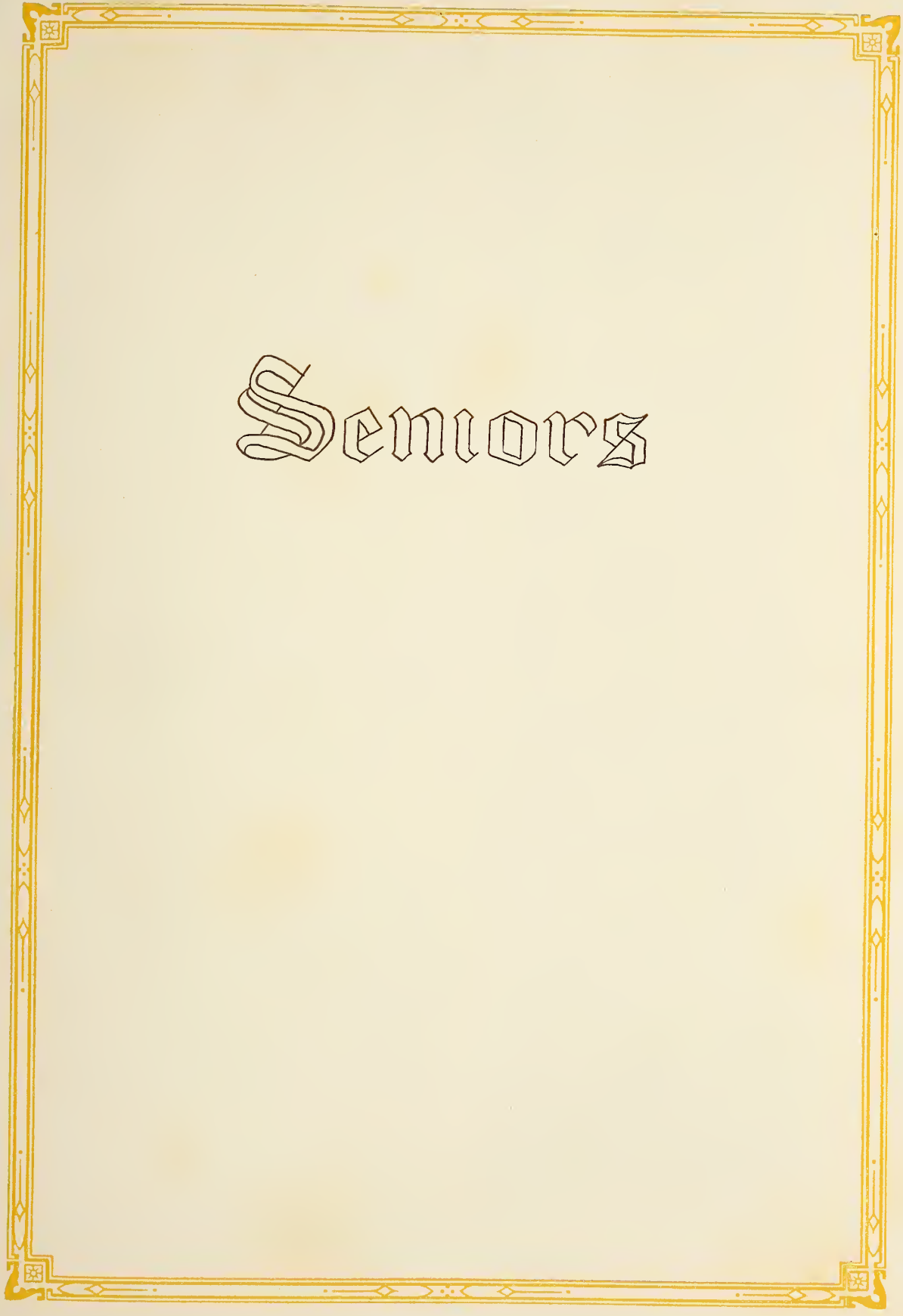
Recessional (Kipling) *F. Marion Ralston*
ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

Presentation of Diplomas—
PRESIDENT JULIA H. GULLIVER, PH.D., LL.D.

Benediction—The Lord bless thee and keep thee *Lutkin*
ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

Doxology

Organ Postlude—Pomp and Circumstance *Edward Elgar*
LAURA GRANT-SHORT

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Seniors

RUTH NOEL BENNETT "R" B. S.
 Kilbourn High School, Wisconsin, 1913.
 Class Hockey (1) (2) (3) (4); Athletic
 Council (1); Basket Ball (3); Glee Club
 (1) (2); English Club (2) (3) (4); Dra-
 matic Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Taper Staff
 (2) (3) (4); Joke Editor Cupola (3);
 Treasurer Athletic Association (2);
 Mission Study Club (3); Social Service
 Club (4); Shakespearean Play (4);
 Musical Club (2) (3); Class President
 (3) (4) R. C. pin.



RUTH FORSBERG B.S.
 Beloit High School, Wisconsin, 1918;
 Glee Club '12 '13; English Club '13;
 Home Economics Certificate '13; Uni-
 versity of Wisconsin Summer School
 '14; University of Chicago Summer
 School '17; President of Day Students
 (4); Class Hockey (4); Athletic Coun-
 cil (4)



JEANNETTE HOWARD FOSTER B.A.
 Calumet High School Chicago, 1912.
 University of Chicago, 1912-1914; Stu-
 dent Honor Commission, University of
 Chicago; Taper Staff (3); Literary
 Editor Cupola (3); President English
 Club (3); Tolo Council (3); House
 Committee (3); English Club (3) (4);
 Classical Club (3) (4); Shakespearian
 Play (4); Social Service Club (4).





GRACE ANNE HALL "R" B.S.

Toulon Township High School,
Illinois.

Art Editor Cupola (3); Class Secretary-Treasurer (4); Walking Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Social Service Club, (2) (3) (4); Chairman French Orphan Fund (3); Chairman of Hockey Banquet (4); Shakespearian Play (4); English Club (4)



MAY JOHNSON B.S.

Rockford High School

Class Hockey (3) (4); Class Basket Ball (3); Shakespearian Play (3); Home Economics Club (3) (4); Treasurer Home Economics Club (3); Glee Club (3) (4); German Club (4); Tolo Council (4); Social Service Club (4); Home Economics Certificate (3)



GLADYS OLIVE KOCH "R B.A.

Spencer High School, Iowa, 1914

Class Hockey (2) (3) (4); Class Basket Ball (3); Athletic Council (3); President Athletic Association (4); Delegate to Women's Western Conference, Athletic Association (4); Walking Club (3); Assistant Art Editor Cupola (3); Classical Club (2) (3) (4); Head of Commissary Department Classical Club (3); English Club (2) (3) (4); President of English Club (4); Dramatic Club (4); Shakespearian Play (4); Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); President Glee Club (4); University of Chicago Summer School (3). R.C.pin

MABEL EDITH LINDOP B.S.

Oak Park and River Forest Township High School, 1913.

Class Hockey (4); Home Economics Club (3) (4); German Club (4); Tolo Council (3); Vice-President Tolo (3); President Tolo (4); Vice-President Home Economics Club (3); Photograph Editor Annual (3); General Chairman Red Cross Auxiliary (4); Chairman of Spring Promenade (4).



HAZEL M. LOOK B.A.

Sioux Falls High School, South Dakota.

Classical Club (2); German Club (2) (3) (4); English Club (3) (4); President German Club 2nd Semester (3) and (4); Secretary Treasurer House Committee (3); Student Council (4); Class Hockey (4).

MARGARET MANNING B.S.

South Bend High School, Indiana, 1914.

Class Hockey (3) (4); Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Joke Editor Annual (3); Dramatic Club (4); Vice-President Class (4) House Committee (4); Musical Club (2) (3); University of Chicago Summer School (3).



ELIZABETH E. MORRISON "R" B.A.
J. Sterling Morton High School,
Illinois.

Class Hockey, (1) (2) (3) (4); Class
Basket Ball (3); Athletic Council (4);
English Club (3) (4); Secretary Eng-
lish Club (3) (4); Social Service Club
(4); Education Certificate (4). R.C.
pin.



ESTLE RUSSELL "R" B.S.
Hammond High School, Indiana,
1914.

Class Hockey (1) (2) (3) (4); Captain
Class Hockey (3); Class Tennis (2) (3);
Glee Club (2) (3) (4); Classical Club
(1) (2) (3) (4); Mathematics Club (4);
President Mathematics Club (4); Busi-
ness Manager Taper (3); Subscription
Manager of Annual (3); Secretary
Treasurer Tolo (4); Shakespearian
Play (4). R.C. pin.



BEULAH MAY SAMMONS "R" B.A.
Lyons Township High School, Illi-
nois, 1914.

Class Hockey (3) (4); Captain Class
Hockey (4); Walking Club (1) (3) (4);
"500" (3); Treasurer Athletic Associa-
tion (3); Classical Club (2) (3) (4);
English Club (3) (4); University of
Chicago Summer School (3).

MARGARET SEYMOUR "R" B.S.

Rockford High School, 1913.

Class Hockey (3) (4); Tolo Council (1); English Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Club (2) (3) (4); Shakespearian Play (1) (2) (4); Assistant Business Manager Cupola (2); Business Manager Cupola (3); Mission Study Club (3); Taper Staff (2) (3) (4); House President (4).



BEATRICE WINTERS WARNER "R" B.S.

Saginaw East Side High School,
Michigan, 1913.

Class Hockey (3) (4); Dramatic Club (2) (3) (4); Business Manager Dramatic Club (4); Glee Club (2) (3); Assistant Editor Cupola (2); Editor in Chief Cupola (3); Home Economics Club (3) (4); Secretary Home Economics Club (3); Tolo Council (3) (4); Social Service Club (4); Shakespearian Play (4).



JANETTA E. WETZEL B.S.

Elgin High School 1908;
Home Economics Certificate 1910.



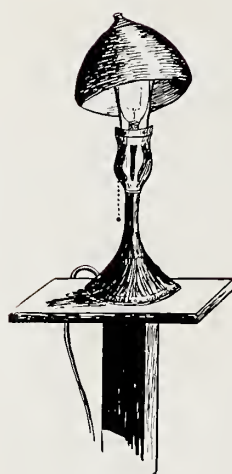
Seniors

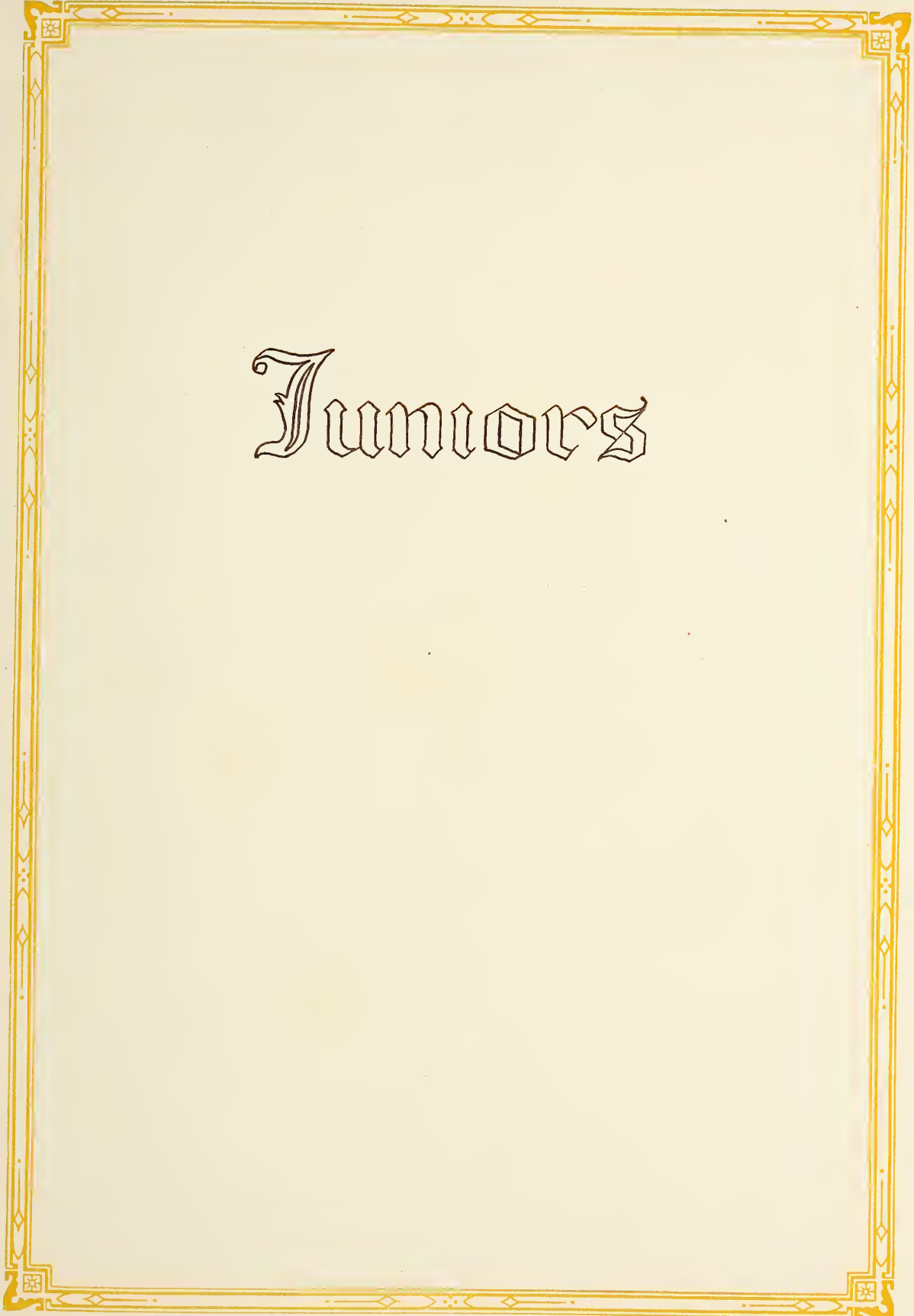
RUTH BENNETT	<i>President</i>
MARGARET MANNING	<i>Vice-president</i>
GRACE HALL	<i>Secretary-Treasurer.</i>

Now the class of nineteen eighteen,
At their backs their four years' college,
At their backs the joys and sorrows
Of their years at old R. C.
With their faces toward the future—
Wistful faces toward the future—
In their eyes calm reassurance,
Hold their sheepskins in their hands.
Look at all their loved companions—
Take a last fond look about them—
'Ere they leave us, sorrowing softly,
For the land of Who—Knows—What.

Then go out our friends and comrades,
Scattering to their chosen life work,
To the Eastward and the Westward,
To the cities and the plains,
To the great lakes of the Northland,
To the broad fields of the Southland,
To the forests and the farmlands,
Go our yellow ribbon girls;
To the lands across the water,
To the tribes of our own nation,
Carry they the lore of Rockford,
Take our fame throughout the land;
And they say "Farewell, forever"—
Say "Farewell, oh Alma Mater".
Thus departs the class of eighteen,—
Nineteen eighteen, the beloved,—
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home wind,
To the Land of the Hereafter.





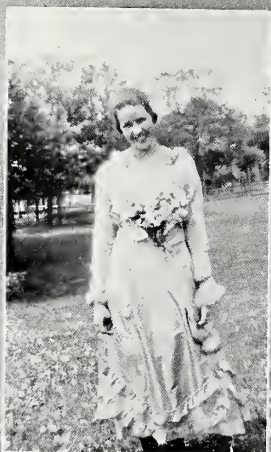


Juniors

Junior Class

MARGUERITE BECKER.....*President*
ALICE PORTER.....*Vice-president*
HELEN ROHE.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

Baldwin, Helen Taylor
Becker, Marguerite
Beckley, Ruth
Boyle, Lucile
Brolin, Marion R.
Burpee, Harriet Venetia
Campbell, Faith
Campbell, Ruth C.E.
Everett, Margaret
Gleasant, Ruth
Glenn, Lois Suella
Gregory, Abby Linsley
Hyde, Helen Hovey
Jamison, Grace Sophia
McEachran, Elizabeth Katherine
McMichael, Ellen Mary
Miners, Hazel Carlene
Nelson, Mary Katharine
Olander, Edith Katharine
Olander, Edna Margaret
Olmsted, Cordelia Browne
Penrose, Elizabeth E.
Porter, Alice Lucretia
Redding, Viola May
Rohe, Helen Marie
Ryan, Grace Elizabeth
Sheets, Grace Agatha
Smith, Lillian
Strote, Esther
Teller, Irene Elizabeth
Vawter, Helen M.
Ward, Gladys Irene
Warner, Nellie Constance
Wilkinson, Natalie



"Oh, Junior Class!"

The fire, burning low in the grate, casts a dim glow over the forms of girls who are sitting or lying about the big living-room of the cottage up-the-river. The quiet is broken only by a slight creak as of oars against the wooden locks. And now from the river comes the song ringing through the night "Oh, Junior Class, with hearts so true". "Come on, girls, let's be the echo", says Betty sitting straight up on the window seat nearest the fireplace. "Wait 'till I get the pitch". And back goes the refrain "Jolly, olly, olly Junior Class."

"No sleep yet" cries Penny, as Nat, yawning, wanders off toward the sleeping porch.

"Nuts!" and the ground-grippers clump on.

Bang! come the oars against the side of the cottage and Irene and the Campbell kids enter, asking "Is there anything to eat? We're starving?"

"Oh, I want some too," says Helen Baldwin.

"There are some sandwiches on the kitchen table, and Porter's making some fudge." Viola's rejoinder is greeted with acclamation.

"Let's call Viola the cook of the class" is Ruth G's suggestion.

But this idea is met by Beckley's objection, "Can't! Takes too much time. I'm always in too much of a hurry!"

"Goh! 'Cook of the class'! Imagine having that name attached to one!"

"My dear, Nemo told me that he hadn't seen her in two weeks," comes the voice of Marion Brolin speaking confidentially to Betty McEachran.

"Where are you going?" Lois wants to know, as Cordy and the Campbells, standing in the doorway, beckon to Nellie and Irene. But knowing giggles are their only reply, as they hurry out. "Now, where do you suppose they're going, and where are Grace Jamison and all the rest? They haven't been here since seven o'clock." Curiosity is obviously prodding Lois hard.

"Oh, I know what they're going to do—sleep on Johnson's straw stack. Isn't that just like them? Perfectly thrilling experience!" Miss Bramhall explains.

"Personally, I'd prefer a regular bed" and Gladys, rising slowly from the armchair where she has been curled up, begins to pull the pins from her hair.

"Oh, I have an idea! Let's all tell about the most rare experience we ever had", says Miss Bramhall. But the suggestion is lost in the altercation which arises over the sandwich tray.

"Say, Baldwin, you've had six sandwiches already! Do you think we have a factory in connection, you *imbecile*!"

"Well, I guess Penny's had five."

"I don't care, do you?" and Penny helps herself to another.

"Want a sandwich, Betty?"

"Can't! I'm reducing! Don't you think I'm thinner?"

"Oh, nuts, Betty! Come play with Hovey."

"Come, on, Marion! Let's go to bed."

"Wait a minute, Lois. I'm going too."

"Bring me a cooky, will somebody?" Nat is very sleepy, but not too far gone to eat.

"Oh, some poor excuse has put sugar in my bed. Wait 'till I get her!" It is Elizabeth this time.

"Ow! I smashed my toe on this old chair." groans Beckley.

"My dear! This cottage is only loaned to us, too. Did you hurt the chair?"

"Oh, old stuff! You aren't funny, Hovey."

"Why, she said I wasn't funny! Did you hear that, T.D. T.D.!"

"Oh, let me alone."

"Somebody see if that fire is alright."





Sophomores

Sophomore Class

LEA GORDON *President*
 MABEL ROSSETER *Vice-president*
 LOIS VAN ALSTINE *Secretary-Treasurer*

Ambler, Nancy
 Armour, Dorothy
 Armstrong, Faith
 Bartholomew, Edna Aline
 Bridgman, Lorna C.
 Brown, Lucy-Ellen
 Buckland, Isabelle
 Cadogan, Catharine
 Cox, Helen Bickford
 Dent, Helen Louise
 Dole, Lila May
 Eaton, Anna Gordon
 Ells, Margaret Ely
 Fair, Catherine Louette
 Feddersen, Elsie
 Frisbee, Virginia D.
 Garritson, Mary Louise
 Glenn, Jean Neva
 Glover, Edna
 Glynn, Maebelle Veronica
 Golder, Helen Dorothy
 Gordon, Lea B.
 Griggs, Ruth Wilsie
 Hanna, Florence Bernice
 Hanna, Margaret
 Hotchkiss, Rosamond
 Hurst, Lenore Cade
 Jamison, Dorothy May
 Koch, Sarah Marguerite
 Lawrie, Helen D.
 Lewis, Lillian
 MacNeal, Florence

Mandeville, Dorothy Adelia
 Miller, Veda
 Morrill, Helen
 Nichols, Louise Lydia
 Nuzum, Florence
 O'Reilly, Elizabeth
 Pickard, Mary
 Pettit, Anna Lucretia
 Pfitzenmeyer, Ada Murray
 Rearick, Elizabeth Charlotte
 Reynolds, Ruth Willard
 Rosseter, Mabel
 Rundorff, Helen
 Savage, Irma
 Schneider, Sarah Virginia
 Schoch, Ellen Lind
 Sipfle, Helen E.
 Smith, Helen
 Streitz, Vera
 Styles, Dorothy
 Toal, Bernice Elva
 Van Alstine, Lois
 Velde, Zoa Anderson
 Volland, Doris
 Wanstrom, Marion Alice
 Wheelock, Margaret
 Wilkins, Helen Grace
 Winter, Louise Palmer
 Wilson, Phoebe Mae
 Wilson, Ruth Ellen
 Woodbury, Dorothy



Sophomore Class

We, the class of 1920, are the class that put the "more" in the Sophomore

As Freshmen we had More	{	girls in our class curls in our hair bows on our ankles prayer meetings mistakes hockey basket ball hard work fun pep firm friendships and good fellowship profit pleasure desire to return again to R. C.
-------------------------	---	---

As Sophomores we again had even More	{	girls in our class mistakes hockey basketball hard work fun pep firm friendships good fellowship pleasure love for our Alma Mater
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Although the Senior class claims all the agility, all the ability, all the versatility, we think perhaps there is a little more left for the Sophomores.





Freshmen

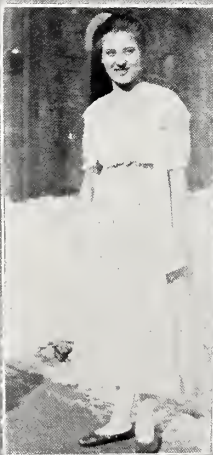
Freshman Class

FIRST SEMESTER

LUCILLE BILDERBACK *President*
 DOROTHY KNIGHT *Vice-president*
 MONA GRAHAM *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Aldrich, Marion
 Anderson, Frances Lee
 Anderson, Luella Betty
 Barber, Marion
 Barnes, Mary Frederica
 Bigelow, Helen
 Bertrau, Marie
 Bilderback, Lucille Harriet
 Bleecker, Florence Elizabeth
 Bradley, Frances Lenora
 Bremer, Eva
 Brown, Eleanor Emma
 Brown, Florence
 Brown, Helen May
 Buehler, Edith L.
 Bumsted, Frances Marsh
 Burgess, Martha
 Burns, Marion
 Canode, Mary
 Chapman, Dorothy
 Clemmer, Mary
 Cooney, Bernice
 Davis, Lillian
 Dellicker, Doris Elliott
 Dietz, Dorothy Louise
 Dodd, Margaret Dorothy
 Dow, Margaret Isabel
 Felske, Vianna
 Ferguson, Helen Minnie
 Fierce, Vesper
 Floden, Florence V.
 Foster, Anna Burr
 Frisbie, Miriam Rea
 Fuller, Dorothy X.
 Gibson, Rose Somerwell
 Gibson, Virginia Lundy
 Graham, Mona Mary
 Graves, Marian Grace
 Gregg, Harriet Jane
 Green, Rose Mary
 Gunther, Doris Rose
 Hamilton, Sarah
 Harrison, Helen E.
 Hollenbeck, Myrtle
 Hornish, Louise Frances
 Houghton, Ruth Draper
 Hrdlicka, Bohnmilla
 Hutchins, Nellie
 Hurst, Helen
 Hyman, Lenore Helena
 Johnston, Frances
 Kent, Frances

SECOND SEMESTER

MONA GRAHAM *President*
 MARION BARBER *Vice-president*
 DORIS DELICKER . *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Kittleman, Mrs. C. W.
 Kittleson, Agnes Dorothy
 Knapp, Claribel
 Knight Dorothy
 Lander, Minerva
 Lathrop, Gertrude Lucile
 Latta, Dorothy
 Lind, Julia Mabel
 Lingafelt, Georgia
 Lins, Ruth Emma
 Marshall, Katherine
 Mattern, Anna
 McQuarrie, Miriam Jane
 Miller, Feye
 Morley, Beatrice Lola
 Murdoch, Helen Adele
 Newman, Alice Parker
 Norton, Marian Isabel
 Orton, Miriam Rockwood
 Parker, Ruth
 Patterson, Marion Ethel
 Peacock, Norrine Margaret
 Poley, Ruth Mildred
 Redman, Ruth Rebecca
 Regan, Frances Louise
 Rickert, Althea Lillian
 Rohwer, Frances C.
 Rumsey, Myra R.
 Schuh, Margaret Carnegie
 Sitterly, Ada Martha
 Sloan, Gladys Pauline
 Smiley, Marion Elizabeth
 Smith, Irene Viola
 Smith, Sue Mary
 Snell, Catharine Caroline
 Snyder, Norma Elaine
 Squier, Elizabeth Louise
 Sullivan, Bernice M.
 Swenson, Elsie
 Talley, Eleanor Frances
 Taveira, Mrs. H. A.
 Taylor, Julia
 Trissal, Frances Marion
 Warfel, Mrs. F. C.
 West, Muriel Elizabeth
 Wiggert, Elsie Marie
 Willert, Lucille Emily
 Williams, Dorothy Blanche
 Williams, Ruth Alexander
 Wilson, Clarice
 Woodward, Agnes
 Zajicek, Mrs. J. F.



Lines from a Freshman Diary

Sept. 8—Oh, I'm almost ready! Mama bought me another new party dress today. I hope they don't dance later than three because mama says I can't, and I want to do everything anyone else does.

Sept. 15—Well, I'm here; and I must say I don't care for these girls. Nobody pays any attention to me, and my room-mate's forever weeping! I'm sure there's *nothing* to cry about. I wonder what mama is doing!

Sept. 22—The most wonderful time! Juniors entertained us at the cottage up the river. Good eats! I *like* those girls.

Oct. 3—Horrors! Baby Party's come and gone—and I'm perfectly limp. Upper classmen are *mean*.

Oct. 18—And her hair curls *adorably* around her neck. Just wait till I'm an upper classman and can beam down on all the poor ones like us.

Dec. 15—Had baked potatoes instead of fish soup today. When I get home for Christmas—.

Jan. 8—Back again. Hang the lessons! But my new rose pillows look swell among the blue ones. And to see all the girls again!

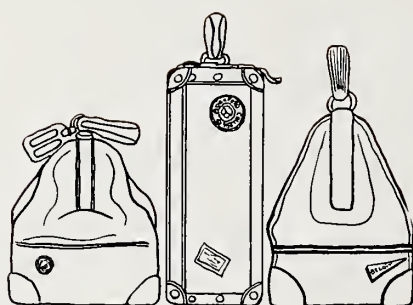
Feb. 5—*Maybe* I'll keep neat note-books this semester. Rode on a bob all afternoon. An old fire-drill after dinner. Imagine forcing us to go out in this cold weather!

Apr. 18—These steak picnics. Yum! We spilled chocolate all over our chap's skirt. It was kind of hot but she survived.

May 16—I can't make the costume I'm supposed to sew up for that Senior for May Party come within three inches of meeting. Before I'd get the way she is I'd return all the Keeley's Cal sends me.

June 3—I'm scared to death of exams. Only two more days, and a prom at Beloit, a picnic at the Dells, and four dance practices before then.

June 12—Did I rave against this place in September? Well, I've decided to get my sheepskin here all right!



Departments

LUCILE BOYLE

Rockford High School, 1914.
Piano Graduate 1918.



MARGARET ELIZABETH EVERETT

Knoxville High School, Iowa, 1914.
Class Tennis (1); Class Basket Ball (2);
Hunchback (1); Dramatic Club (2) (3);
Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Business Mana-
ger Glee Club (2); Manager Musical
Club (2) Musical Club (1) (2); Social
Service Club (3); Piano Graduate (3).



ELIZABETH MORRISON B.A.
Certificate in Education





GRACE ELIZABETH RYAN

Rockford High School, 1917.
Glee Club (2) (3); Social Service Club
(3) Walking Club (2) (3); Piano Grad-
uate 1916; Teacher's Certificate Organ
1916 Graduate Organ (3)



ESTHER STROTE

Rockford High School 1915.
German Club (2) (3); English Club
(3); Walking Club (2) "500" Pin (2);
Glee Club (2) (3); Taper Staff (2) (3);
Secretary Treasurer Day Students'
Association (3); Shakespearian Play
(2) (3); Music Diploma (3); Certificate
in Organ (3).



GLADYS IRENE WARD

Waukegan Township High School
Illinois, 1915
Class Hockey (2) (3); Class Basket
Ball (2); Athletic Council (2); Presi-
dent Home Economics Club (3); Home
Economics Certificate (3).

A decorative gold border with a repeating diamond and floral pattern surrounds the central text.

Organizations

Student Self Government Organization

Girls, girls, girls, make up Rockford College and the Students' Self Government Organization. To some, the system is a delightful game of, "Look out, there's House Committee," leading the poor official to think that she is close on the trail of a deep laid plot. A proctor is easily picked from the swarm of girls by the evidence of false teeth, the result of shushing during study hours. A periscope designates a Social Rule and Regulation member aiding her eagle eyesight necessary for her part of the game.

To others the honor system has its challenge and the call for individual responsibility is answered. The Golden Era when proctors and House Committee are no longer needed appears in the future when the dream of true Self Government will come true.

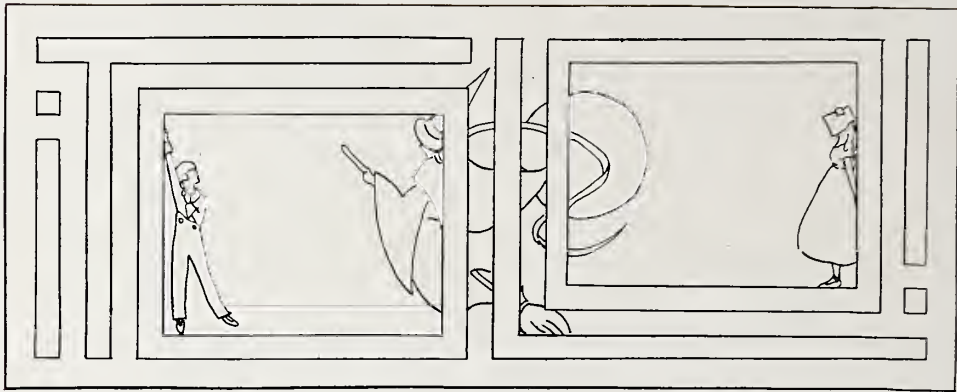
HOUSE COMMITTEE

MARGARET SEYMOUR, *House President*
VIOLA REDDING, *Secretary and Treasurer*
MARGARET MANNING
HELEN HYDE
HELEN RUNDORFF

SOCIAL RULES AND REGULATIONS COMMITTEE

MARGARET SEYMOUR
VIOLA REDDING
MARGARET MANNING
HELEN HYDE

HELEN RUNDORFF
HAZEL LOOK
ELIZABETH PENROSE
HELEN GOLDER



Mention of Tolo Club to any Rockford girl immediately conjures up a vision of dress suits, gay corsages, music, and happy faces, for Tolo Club is responsible for many of the good times of Rockford College. Under its supervision is given the Hallowe'en Party with its autumn leaves and weird sights; Mock Prom, with its masculine element resplendent in borrowed dress suits; to say nothing of all the real "Proms" of the year.

However, while Tolo Club is "the club that was built for fun", it has its serious activities also. Its adoption of French war orphans, and its organization of a Red Cross Auxiliary Unit are but a few of the activities which express the personal responsibility felt by each girl as her privilege and part in the larger world issues. It is this combination of responsibility and pleasure that makes "Tolo" dear to the heart of each Rockford girl.

OFFICERS

MABEL LINDOP.....	<i>President</i>
NATALIE WILKINSON.....	<i>Vice-president</i>
ESTLE RUSSELL.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

TOLO COUNCIL

BEATRICE WARNER	ZOA VELDE
MAY JOHNSON	HARRIET GREGG
CORDELIA OLMSTED	BOHNMILLA HRDLICKA
LOIS GLENN	NELLIE WARNER
MARY LOUISE GARRITSON	ABBY GREGORY



Deutscher Verein

"Knit two; purl two; knit two; purl two!" Each one of us *Deutscher Verein* members is knitting something, khaki or grey, for the Red Cross. As our balls of yarn diminish, and wristlets, sweaters, helmets and stockings grow into shape upon our needles, we are knitting memories of many happy evenings at *Deutscher Verein*.

The Christmas party this year was one of the prettiest the *Verein* has seen. Into our knitting that night we put a row for the Christmas tree with its dainty *Marcifanen*, two purling stitches for the bright red candles, and a row for the funny Santa Claus with his bag of gifts. Each girl knitted two for the bright red little ice cream Santa Clauses, which later appeared on *Deutscher Verein* plates, and purling two for the tiny lighted candles they carried. "*Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe*," the greeting of the angels, sung by the girls, marked many a stitch in our work of the night of the Christmas party. But, last of all, the Christmas anthems played on the Victrola left in our knitting a long neat row, which we hope reflects the spirit in our hearts—the spirit of hope for "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

MEMBERS

HAZEL LOOK *President*
HELEN ROHE *Secretary-Treasurer*

HELEN BALDWIN
HARRIET BURPEE
ABBY GREGORY
GRACE JAMISON
HELEN SIPFLE

ESTHER STROTE
MISS ULRICI
ZOA VELDE
MARION WANSTROM
NATALIE WILKINSON

NELLIE WARNER

FRAULEIN BEHRENS *Honorary Member*



GLEE CLUB

GLADYS KOCH *President*
 MABEL ROSSETER *Business Manager*

FIRST SOPRANO

MARGARET EVERETT
 GLADYS KOCH
 LENORE HURST
 MARGARET MANNING
 LILIAN SMITH
 LUCILE WILLERT
 HELEN DENT
 VIRGINIA FRISBEE
 MISS THOMPSON
 DOROTHY WILLIAMS
 MARY CLEMMER
 MABEL ROSSETER

SECOND SOPRANO

LOUISE NICHOLS
 CORDELIA OLMSTED
 GRACE RYAN
 NATALIE WILKINSON
 MARY PICKARD
 ELEANOR BROWN
 MARY CANODE
 RUTH WILLIAMS
 LUCILE LATHROP
 ROSE GIBSON
 DOROTHY DIETZ

FIRST ALTO

RUTH GLEASMAN
 HELEN HYDE
 MAY JOHNSON
 ESTLE RUSSELL
 EDNA GLOVER
 NELLIE WARNER
 RUTH REDMAN
 RUTH REYNOLDS
 ANNA FOSTER
 JEANNETTE FOSTER

SECOND ALTO

RUTH BECKLEY
 MISS BOCKIUS
 SUE SMITH
 GEORGIA LINGAFELT
 BERNICE COONEY
 LENORE HYMAN
 HELEN HURST
 CLARIBEL KNAPP
 HELEN MORRILL
 ELIZABETH O'REILLY
 LORNA BRIDGMAN

Glee Club Concert

"Eastern Song".....*Daniels*
VIOLIN OBLIGATO, ELIZABETH O'REILLY, FLOY DENTLER

"Birth of Morn' ".....*Leoni*
"Deep River".....*Burleigh*
GLEE CLUB

"Pro and Con".....*Leland Powers*
MR. ESSINGTON

"Contented Women".....*Brackett*
"Italian Street Song".....*Herbert*
INCIDENTAL SOLO, GLADYS KOCH
GLEE CLUB

"What the Old Fiddle Told"
MR. ESSINGTON

"Keep the Home Fires Burning".....*Novello*
"Your Flag and Country Want You".....*Rubens*
GLEE CLUB

"God Save the King"
"The Marseillaise"
"The Star Spangled Banner"

English

Club

Chap with The Lamp of Memory -

I.

During the hours of his life towards the end he looks back with peculiar gratitude - as having been marked by more than ordinary feelings of joy - a triumph of teaching, was one perfect - rare time of success -

Ruskin.

EWB

"Come on in. Isn't the fire cozy?" "I love a blustery night like this." "Sit down here with me and show me how to turn this heel: Of all the intricate pieces of work, absolutely—". "Who leads tonight, and what's the subject? Oh yes, Anna Karenina, of course." "Don't you love Tolstoi? Knit six and purl six, you said? All these Russian authors are confirmed realists, aren't they?" "Oh, don't turn on the lights. It's much nicer without." "You say that I should have purled there? Oh, all right! You rip it out." "Yes, come in. This is English club." "Let's begin, girls."

"We are mere peasants; how could we be so presuming?" began the old woman, sobbing.

"Knit two; purl two. There, now slip one, knit one."

"It's as your excellency wills", he repeated resolutely, at the same time humbly glancing at his master and tossing back his hair. "But it would never do for us to live on a new farm."

"How did that funny hole come right in the middle of your knitting?"

"The peasants, though theoretically free, are still clamoring for land; the army is demoralized and has disbanded."

"Slip one; knit one; slip the slipped one over the knitted one."

"Why can't we have a special meeting for a discussion of the revolution?"

"I move we do and that you be teacher."

"You don't say so?"

"There, you've dropped a stitch!"

And so it is that we do the proverbially impossible two things at once—knit for the Red Cross and study Russian life and literature.

GLADYS KOCH. President
ELIZABETH MORRISON. Secretary-Treasurer

RUTH BENNETT
JEANNETTE FOSTER
LOIS GLENN
GRACE HALL
HELEN HYDE
GRACE JAMISON

HAZEL LOOK
HAZEL MINERS
HELEN ROHE
BEULAH MAE SAMMONS
MARGARET SEYMOUR
ESTHER STROTE

MURIEL WEST



Classical Club

FROM THE CLASSICAL CLUB SONG BOOK

Quam dulces it is to be a member of Classical Club when we gather about the banquet table and, feasting and singing, wish that the ivy-wreathed punch bowl may be *semper plena*. Again, the intellectual predominates and we debate solemnly the value of High School Latin in training the future citizens of our *Patria candida, libera*. For relaxation from such strenuosity, all the members of the club, like Horace, *integer vitae*, brave the wilds of Blackhawk Park and enjoy the golden autumn air of this and other *loca fabulosa*. Now histrionic gifts manifest themselves, and the lay public is admitted to the Latin play where the beautiful Tullia is given from the *complexu matris* to the *iuveni ardenti*, to the siren strains of "*Hymenades, Oh, Hymenae!*" At another time we solve conundrums based on classical names, this exercise so brightening our wits that they are all *micans, micans, per obscurum*. And finally, the august group cries cordially to the chosen few of the Freshman class,

"*Salveti, nova membra optima!*"

DOROTHY JAMISON.....*President*
 ABBY GREGORY.....*Secretary*
 HELEN GOLDER.....*Treasurer*
 CORDELIA OLMSTED.....*Head of Commissary Department*

HELEN BALDWIN
 FLORENCE BLEECKER
 LUCY-ELLEN BROWN
 HARRIETT BURPEE
 CATHARINE FAIR
 JEANNETTE FOSTER
 GLADYS KOCH
 GRACE JAMISON
 IRENE TELLER

LUCILE LATHROP
 DOROTHY LATTA
 RUTH PARKER
 ELIZABETH REARICK
 HELEN ROHE
 BEULAH MAE SAMMONS
 IRMA SAVAGE
 LILIAN SMITH
 MARION WANSTROM

RUTH WILLIAMS

Honorary Members:

MISS CLARA L. THOMPSON

MISS FRANCES BOCKIUS

Mathematics Club

The chief problem in Rockford College at the beginning of this year was: To find the locus of everyone interested in mathematics. Let the variable, i.e., everyone interested in mathematics be represented by the point P (x_1 y_1). Let the abscissa, x_1 of the point P represent the students and the ordinate, y_1 , the faculty interested in mathematics. Let the interest in mathematics be the constant, k. Now, the amount of interest of (x_1 y_1) in mathematics is the distance P (x_1 y_1) has travelled from the origin (o, o) (I) $\therefore \sqrt{x^2 + y^2} = k$ or $x^2 + y^2 = k^2$. Since (I) represents a circle in mathematics, and a math club is a circle of interested members, therefore the locus of everyone interested in mathematics is the mathematical club.

ESTLE RUSSELL *President*
 DOROTHY MANDEVILLE *Vice-president*
 ALINE BARTHOLOMEW *Secretary-Treasurer*

DOROTHY ARMOUR
 FAITH ARMSTRONG
 LUCY-ELLEN BROWN
 LILA DOLE
 RUTH GLEASMAN
 LEA GORDON
 DOROTHY JAMISON

FLORENCE MACNEAL
 ELIZABETH MCEACHRAN
 ELIZABETH O'REILLY
 VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER
 DORIS VOLLAND
 HELEN WILKINS
 ELLEN McMICHAEL

Home Economics Club

The seniors, juniors, and sophomores of the Home Economics Department comprise the membership of the Home Economics Club. The meetings are held in the cozy new practice cottage where topics of current interest in home economics are discussed. Once a month a dinner is served, by a few appointed members, to the rest of the club. These dinners are of special interest this year for in each one the aim is to prove the successful use of various substitutes. The officers and members of the Club are:

GLADYS WARD.....	<i>President</i>
MABEL LINDOP.....	<i>Vice-president</i>
ELIZABETH PENROSE.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

RUTH FORSBERG
MAY JOHNSON
BEATRICE WARNER
JANETTA WETZEL
MARION BROLIN
VIOLA REDDING
HELEN VAWTER
MARGARET ELLS
HELEN MORRILL

RUTH GRIGGS
MARGARET HANNA
ROSAMOND HOTCHKISS
LENORE HURST
ADA PFITZENMEYER
HELEN SMITH
DOROTHY STYLES
HELEN RUNDORFF
MARGARET WHEELOCK

Taper Staff

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Business Manager

GRACE JAMISON
Editor-in-Chief

JEANNETTE FOSTER
Literary Editor

RUTH BENNETT
Associate Editor

MARGARET SEYMOUR
Literary Editor

HAZEL MINERS
Associate Editor

HELEN GOLDER
Alumnae Editor

ESTHER STROTE
Associate Editor

MURIEL WEST
Reporting Editor

LEA GORDON
Subscription Manager

DOROTHY JAMISON
Exchange Editor

IRENE TELLER
Reporting Editor

ZOA VELDE
Reporting Editor



Social Service



The chief work of the Social Service Club, which this year has a membership of one hundred and ten girls, has been at Montague Settlement House, where classes of various kinds are taught by the girls. There are classes in pottery decoration, sewing, cooking, folk dancing, basketry, and manual training.

Another social center in which the girls are helping is the Day Nursery. Here working mothers bring their babies (little tots below school age) for the day. As there is just one nurse to attend to the wants of from eight to twelve little ones, she is always glad to have help, especially at meal time. This aid the girls have undertaken to give, and one or two go every day, if only for a few hours.

On Sunday afternoons two girls go to the Children's Home where they tell stories, make popcorn or candy, and play games with the children.

Besides this branch of the work, the girls at Christmas time took care of three families, and now they are helping the mother of one of the babies at the Day Nursery.

LEA GORDON	<i>President</i>
HELEN LAWRIE	<i>Vice-president</i>
FRANCES ANDERSON	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

Members, 110

Day Nursery, Heads—LOIS VAN ALSTINE, HELEN LAWRIE.

Children's Home, Head—DOROTHY CHAPMAN.

Montague House, Sewing—FRANCES BUMSTEAD, HELEN VAWTER.

Industrious Club—HELEN ROHE

Dancing—ZOA VELDE

Dancing Assistant—HELEN SIPFLE

Cooking—HAZEL LOOK

Basket Making—VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER

THE RED CROSS

The Rockford College Auxiliary of the American Red Cross was organized as a branch of the Social Service Club February 8, 1918 with one hundred percent membership for 1918 including members of the faculty, students, and John, with the following officers in charge of the various forms of Red Cross work:

MABEL LINDOP.....	<i>General Chairman</i>
LEA GORDON.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
VIOLA REDDING.....	<i>Chairman of Hospital Garments and Belgium and French Relief Committees</i>
GRACE HALL.....	<i>Chairman of Knitting</i>
MISS BAIRD.....	<i>Inspector of Sewing</i>
LEA GORDON.....	<i>Chairman of Surgical Dressings</i>

General—LEA GORDON

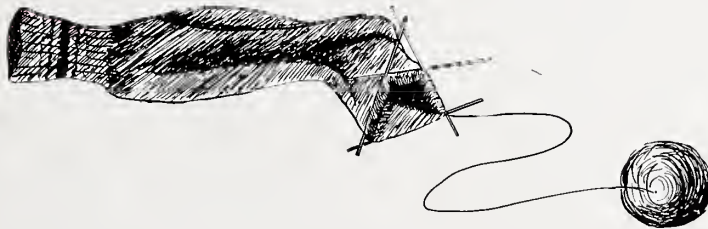
Colonel—CORDELIA OLMSTED

Captains—RUTH BENNETT

MARGUERITE BECKER

HELEN GOLDER

KATHARINE MARSHALL



Cupola Staff

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Business Manager

NATALIE WILKINSON
Editor-in-Chief
Art Editor

VIOLA REDDING
Subscription Manager

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Literary Editor

MARGUERITE BECKER
Joke Editor

HAZEL MINERS
Literary Editor

GLADYS WARD
Corresponding Subscription Manager

ALICE PORTER
Joke Editor

ELIZABETH PENROSE
Photograph Editor

RUTH GRIGGS
Assistant Editor

LENORE HURST
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BEATRICE WARNER.....*Business Manager*

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FRANCES TRISSAL

LOIS VAN ALSTINE

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DOROTHY WOODBURY



Day Students

The fall of 1917 will always be remembered by the Day Students for the unique ceremony in which the Freshmen were "weighed in the balance and found—wanting?" Yea, some, sad to relate, were found miserably wanting; others, however, far surpassed anything their older fellow students could ever have hoped for. Great were the athletic stunts performed, artistic the singing, and noble the recitations of lofty verse; but far greater than any of these, the spontaneous, original productions. The great question of what's behind the veil, the significance of the fourth dimension, and other unintelligible mysteries of life were so charmingly illuminated by some illustrious Freshmen that, although a few failed to come up to the standard, all the new Day Students were, with much pomp and awe inspiring ceremony, admitted into the Day Students Association, after which one sumptuous dinner formed the climax of the "whole shootin' match."

OFFICERS

RUTH FORSBERG	<i>President</i>
ELLEN McMICHAEL	<i>Vice-president</i>
ESTHER STROTE	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>



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Athletics



The Conference of the Women's Athletic Association of the Middle West was held at Chicago, April 12 and 13 of this year. The New England Association had previously signified its intention of uniting with the Western Conference, thus making the Association nationally representative. The Rockford Athletic Association was enthusiastically represented by a number of students, who decided to attend the Conference in the interest of athletics, besides the regularly chosen delegates.

The purpose which the Conference kept constantly in view, making its convening in war time imperative, was a hearty co-operation with the request of our President "to make ourselves physically fit." It was clearly recognized that the first step toward the accomplishment of such a purpose is the better organization of athletics for all women of America.

In view of this aim, some of the questions under consideration were:

(1) "Basis of Membership," discussing whether the membership of Women's Athletic Associations should be based on the point system or on dues.

(2) The relative value of material and non-material rewards for competitive sports.

(3) Reports of the Committees of 1918 concerning:

- (a) By-laws
- (b) Extension of Representation.

The Rockford Athletic Association had a working basis for an understanding of these questions, since it had previously considered the majority of the points in question and had formulated a policy with respect to each, which seemed suited to the needs of Rockford College.

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL

GLADYS KOCH	<i>President</i>
RUTH BECKLEY	<i>Vice-president</i>
VIOLA REDDING	<i>Secretary</i>
FLORENCE MACNEAL	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH MORRISON	ADA SITTERLY
LILA DOLE	KATHARINE MARSHALL

HEADS OF SPORTS

RUTH BECKLEY	<i>Hockey</i>
HELEN HYDE	<i>Basketball</i>
FLORENCE MACNEAL	<i>Tennis</i>
VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER	<i>Walking</i>
MARGUERITE KOCH	<i>Swimming</i>
RUTH BENNETT	<i>Skating</i>



HOCKEY



Hockey this year was even better than ever. Whether the cause lay in the new decoration that the girls wore around their waists, or in the new formation for roll-ins, one cannot say, but the fact remains that the call-outs were always full and the feeling always keen. Competition was close throughout the season, culminating in the inter-class game on Field Day, Monday, November 26. Previous to the big game, the Seniors had been eliminated when the Sophomores beat them by the close score of 2 to 1, and the Freshmen had been treated likewise when the Juniors beat them 1 to 0. In both preliminary games, the teams had been crippled due to the drains made by conditions; the girls made an unprecedented show of sportsmanship under the disheartening circumstances. In the final struggle, the Juniors were beaten by the Sophomores, both teams putting up a splendid game.

At the reception in the gym, the girls broke training on refreshments consisting of tea, candy, and sandwiches. The silver hockey cup was presented to the winning team, the hockey numerals to the members of the four teams. Twelve purple felt "R's" were also presented to those girls having 500 points and an "A" carriage.

At six o'clock the four teams banqueted in the dining room. Purple and white predominated at the usual banquet tables. The team songs were unusually clever, manifesting wit as well as variety. Miss Bockius, at the end of the dinner, presented a five pound box of candy to the Juniors, as the team which had kept the best training.





Team 1918

BEULAH MAE SAMMONS *Captain*

RUTH FORSBERG *Center forward*
 MARGARET MANNING *Right inside*
 BEULAH MAE SAMMONS *Right wing*
 GLADYS KOCH *Left inside*
 RUTH BENNETT *Left wing*
 MARGARET SEYMOUR *Center half*
 HAZEL LOOK *Right half*
 ELIZABETH MORRISON *Left half*
 ESTLE RUSSELL *Right full-back*
 MAY JOHNSON *Left full-back*
 BEATRICE WARNER *Goal*

SUBS

MABEL LINDOP
 JEANNETTE FOSTER





Team 1919

HELEN HYDE.....	<i>Captain</i>
FAITH CAMPBELL.....	<i>Center forward</i>
RUTH BECKLEY.....	<i>Right inside</i>
HELEN ROHE.....	<i>Right wing</i>
LOIS GLENN.....	<i>Left inside</i>
ELIZABETH PENROSE.....	<i>Left wing</i>
HELEN HYDE.....	<i>Center half</i>
NATALIE WILKINSON.....	<i>Right half</i>
VIOLA REDDING.....	<i>Left half</i>
ABBY GREGORY.....	<i>Right full-back</i>
IRENE TELLER.....	<i>Left full-back</i>
GLADYS WARD.....	<i>Goal</i>

SUB
MARGUERITE BECKER





Team 1920

RUTH GRIGGS	<i>Captain</i>
FLORENCE HANNA	<i>Center forward</i>
MARGUERITE KOCH	<i>Right inside</i>
RUTH GRIGGS	<i>Right wing</i>
FLORENCE MACNEAL	<i>Left inside</i>
ADA PFITZENMEYER	<i>Left wing</i>
LILA DOLE	<i>Center half</i>
HELEN RUNDORFF	<i>Right half</i>
VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER	<i>Left half</i>
LENORE HURST	<i>Right full-back</i>
LOIS VAN ALSTINE	<i>Left full-back</i>
NANCY AMBLER	<i>Goal</i>

SUBS

ELIZABETH REARICK
LEA GORDON
MABEL ROSSETER
MARGARET WHEELLOCK





Team 1921

FRANCES ROHWER.....	<i>Captain</i>
HELEN HURST.....	<i>Center forward</i>
AGNES WOODWARD.....	<i>Right inside</i>
KATHARINE MARSHALL.....	<i>Right wing</i>
ALICE NEWMAN.....	<i>Left inside</i>
VESPER FIERCE.....	<i>Left wing</i>
FRANCES ROHWER.....	<i>Center half</i>
ADA SITTERLY.....	<i>Right half</i>
CATHARINE SNELL.....	<i>Left half</i>
MARGARET DODD.....	<i>Right full-back</i>
ALTHEA RICKERT.....	<i>Left full-back</i>
FRANCES TRISSAL.....	<i>Goal</i>

SUBS

GLADYS SLOAN
MONA GRAHAM
DORIS DELICKER



BASKETBALL SEASON 1917-1918

Oh, Dot dear,

We've had the most wonderful basketball season! I've simply loved it; and Miss Bockius has been such a peachy coach! You know the games have all been played and the cup belongs to—but wait until I tell you all about it.

When the Freshmen beat the Juniors on Monday, they certainly did it up brown! Regular walk-away! 48 to 18. But what can you expect when youth meets age?

Then as the Seniors had no team this year, the next game was the final between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Oh, boy! You never saw such an exciting time! Khaki Snell (you know how lazy she is) just wiped the floor with herself. They won't need to scrub it for a month. And Pud Koch took turns tobogganning down the respective fronts of Willert and Rohwer. MacNeal, encased in Dodd's human sheath, did her best; and it was some best! Hurst's patron saint (was he bribed by Vesper Fierce, I wonder?) held his thumbs down except when he relented for a few seconds and let her make a couple of free throws. The other girls did not only "their bit," but their utmost. Well, when the whistle blew, the score was 26 to 13 in favor of the Freshmen. And so, now the cup, still in the family of the odd numbers, is tied with old blue ribbon. "But there's a hull day tomorrow that ain't tiched yet" and who knows whether orange, yellow, green, or blue will decorate the cup of 1919?

Yours, till the basket balls,

JEAN.



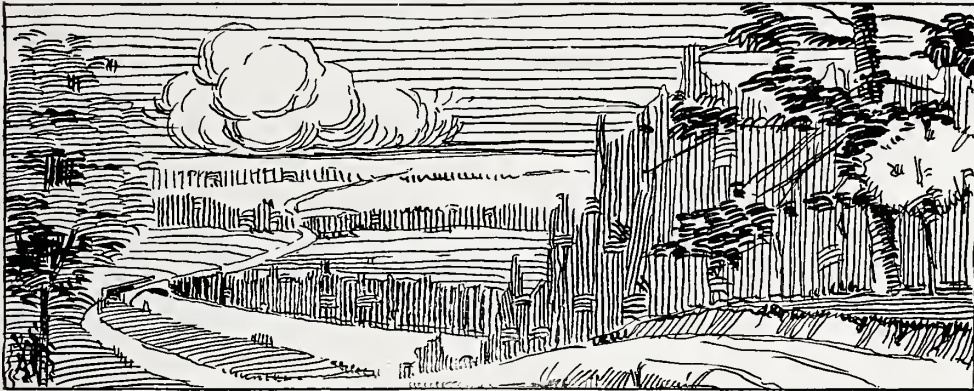
Sophomore Team

FORWARDS:	Florence MacNeal Lenore Hurst (<i>Captain</i>)
CENTERS:	Virginia Schneider Ruth Griggs
GUARDS:	Lila Dole Marguerite Koch



Freshman Team

FORWARDS:	Lucille Willert Frances Rohwer (<i>Captain</i>)
CENTERS:	Elsie Wiggert Catharine Snell
GUARDS:	Vesper Fierce Sue Smith
SUB:	Margaret Dodd



Walking Club

'Sh—'Sh! A familiar sound at Rockford College! But instead of being emitted at the usual time for 'sh's, (ten o'clock) those 'sh's were heard at the surprising hour of six o'clock on a holiday morning. Even Mr. Sun was astonished to see stealthy figures tiptoeing about R. C. at so early an hour on Saturday morning—so astonished that on one of these occasions he just retired behind a cloud to think it over, and everything was spoiled!

The cause of these early morning excitements were the hikes planned by the Walking Club,—such fascinating hikes that the walkers were perfectly willing to leave their beds at dawn for a brisk trip in the country, followed by a savory breakfast cooked over a glowing camp fire.

Who are the members of the walking club? Oh, girls who have walked two hundred and fifty miles. And then if one is energetic enough to walk five hundred miles during the year, one gets points toward one's "R" and a Walking Club pin besides. Do you wonder that we're early risers?

VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER, *President.*

WINNERS OF THE 500 PIN, 1916-1917

Florence Colegrove
Irene Eddy
Catharine Fair
Lenore Hurst
Dorothy Jamison
Grace Jamison
Gladys Koch
Dorothy Mandeville

Beulah Mae Sammons
Virginia Schneider
Grace Sheets
Helen Siple
Julia Tilton
Lucy Whitsel
Ruth Wilson
Elizabeth Rearick

Indoor Meet

MARCH EIGHTEENTH, 1918

ORDER OF EVENTS

Marching-Ensemble.

Class of 1921

- a. Marching
- b. Floor Work

Class of 1920

- a. Marching
- b. Floor Work

Dancing—Beginners' Class

- a. "Seven Jumps"
- b. "Vineyard Dance"
- c. "Irish Lilt"

Classes of 1919 and 1918

- a. Marching
- b. Floor Work

Apparatus Work

- a. Ropes—Climbing
- b. Horse—Oblique Vault
- c. Running High Jump

Dancing—Advanced Class

- a. Interpretive Studies—
 - 1. "Morning"
 - 2. "Marguerites"
 - 3. "Evening"
- b. "Krakowiak"
- c. "Song of the Robin"

JUDGES REPORT

- a. Winning Class—Freshman Class
- b. Number of points won
Seniors 91.95
Juniors 97.67
Sophomores 101.03
Freshmen 116.20
- c. Girls winning the greatest number of points
Senior Gladys Koch . . . 17
Junior Lois Glenn 17 $\frac{1}{4}$
Sophomore Ruth Wilson . . . 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
Freshman Doris Dellicker . . 17 $\frac{1}{2}$

Presentation—

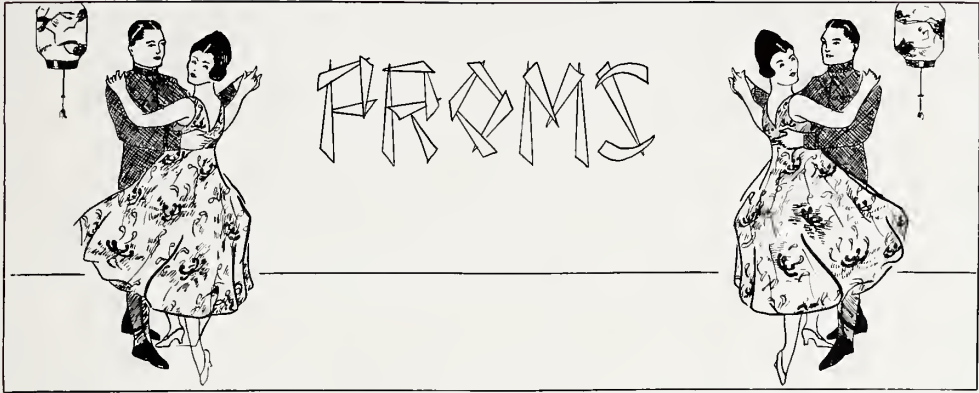
Basket Ball Cup
Numerals and “R’s”
R. C. Pins





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Society



Fall Informal

The door opened, and hands began moving the boxes all around me. Me—you wonder who I am? Well, I am a lavender wisteria blossom with my home in the dark closet off of the gym-annex.

“What if they are going to use yellow or rose again at this party, and then I must miss this one also because of my lavender shade. They always have new flowers anyway, and then use us to fill out in the corners and in inconspicuous places, only to put us back into the dark closet.” Such were my musings when my box was given a violent pull, and I found myself out in the daylight.

We—myself and other flower friends, wisteria and pink roses—soon found ourselves up on the lattice ceiling, all anxiously awaiting *the* night. At last it was time; the orchestra was tuned, the punch was ready, the floor was shining with wax. Two by two the guests began to pour into the gym. There were the same pretty, familiar faces of a former party I had attended—but look! Who are those creatures in olive-drab? They have never been seen here before, have they? After a few dances, I gathered from the conversation that this was a military ball.

My! How proud I felt to think that I had been chosen to watch the dance from the lattice ceiling! I was so happy because of the merry smiles which the dancers bestowed upon me that all thoughts of my time-worn paper petals left me, and I enjoyed the party until the last echo of the orchestra.

Thanksgiving Open House

"Oh, come on, Jack; forget your grouch, for Pete's sake! Anyone would think you had just got a blackhand note from the Kaiser."

"Huh! That kind of talk is all right for you; but if this were your first Thanksgiving away from home and your family had just left you, I'll bet you'd be glum, too!"

"I'll tell you! I'm going out tonight! Why don't you come along to see my friends? They won't care. One additional man won't bother anyone, I'll warrant."

"I'm on! But where is the fest and who are 'they'?"

"Just wait and see. But for the love o' Mike, smile a little! 'At a boy!"

"What the deuce is this place?"

"Rockford College—ever hear of it? If not, conceal your ignorance and pretend you have. Now, smile when the door opens! Smile!!"

"Oh, Miss Baice, may I introduce Jack Sherman? He's in a regular blue funk; so be kind to the poor boy, won't you?"

"Well, I'm not so sure that I'm a good one to entrust him to, for I haven't looked at life through exceedingly rosy glasses today."

"Why not? What on earth did you have to fret about?"

"Oh, I was so homesick! You see this is the first Thanksgiving that I've ever spent away from home, and—Oh, you know!"

"Indeed I do! I felt just the same as you did—until I got here. But you're here and I'm here; so what do we care? Let's dance, shall we?"

"Say, where's Jack Sherman? I've been looking for him all over the place. Has he gone home?"

"Home? No! He's over there talking to Ethel Baice."

"Well, he certainly is over his peeve-fest! Joke's on him! Just wait until he gets another grouch. I'll remind him of the Thanksgiving Open House."

A Modern Fairy Tale

Poor Cinderella! In her closet hung a wonderful lacy gown of silver and orchid. On the shelf stood a pair of new slippers—all silver, with cutey heels and narrow silver ribbon ties. In a box lay a shimmering string of pearl beads. But alas! Cinderella lay on the bed, sobbing as if her heart would break, for she couldn't go to the ball! She hadn't any man.

A knock at the door! It opened, and in walked her fairy godmother. Now, fairy godmothers, you know, can do almost anything. So, after listening to Cinderella's sad tale, she wiped the tears from the child's eyes and vanished. And soon word came to Cinderella that a handsome young lieutenant of the American army was on his way to take her to the ball.

Such hurrying! Everyone was kind to our now radiant Cinderella, and everyone helped her. Then came a corsage—orchids, tiny pink roses, and valley lilies. Ah! how beautiful she looked as she descended the staircase to meet her lieutenant who was far more wonderful than she had even hoped he would be.

As in a dream, she and her partner followed the gay, beautifully dressed crowd to the banquet room, where soft light from lavender tapers fell on the flowers and silver, and where the orchestra sat playing sweet music behind a screen of palm trees. From the banquet room, still as in a dream, they drifted to the ball room where bluebirds floated overhead and a tiny fountain played in one corner. As she danced with her tall handsome partner, Cinderella thought she had never been so happy. The bluebirds almost spoke to her, and never had music sounded so sweet.

But a bell rang! The music stopped! The party was over! As she said "goodnight," Cinderella's partner asked "May I come again?" And she answered "Yes." Then slowly, happily she went upstairs to dream of the most wonderful evening of her life. Constantly through her dream threaded the figure of her adorable loving fairy godmother who had made the Freshman Prom a thing never to be forgotten.



Spring Informal

Dramatis Personae.

Young lieutenant

R. C. girl

Office girl at R. C.

Top sergeant at Camp Grant.

ACT 1.

SCENE—R. C. telephone office.

O. G. at R. C.: "Say, listen, you can have Camp Grant now—yes—just a minute; hold on, Camp Grant. All right."

R. C. girl: "Hello, yes, it's—Just a minute; the girls are making so much noise—Yes, all right. Yes, it's Spring Informal, to be held here March sixteenth in the gym.—Oh, I'm so glad! I hope you won't be on duty! And I wonder if you could get a captain for a friend of mine? She's good looking and a wonderful dancer; her man is quarantined—oh, that would be fine."

O. G. at R. C.: "Your time's up. Drop another nickel, please. Say, listen (to other O. G.) I guess it's going to be pretty swell. They've got green vines and pink flowers all over the ceiling, and then you know all those branches that were dumped in the court? Well, they've put little pink things all over them and it looks like cherry blossoms—so springy and nice. I bet they have a dandy time because the gym looks so pretty—All right, here's your party."

R. C. Girl: "Hello, hello—yes—and do you happen to know a lieutenant in the 344th whose cousin's chum is the best friend to the brother of one of the girls here? She has been trying to get him, but there's so much red tape about it. It would be fine if you could get hold of him—Well, you call me later, and you're to come to dinner at 6:00. Oh, how lovely! I'm wearing pink, and so almost anything would be just wonderful. All right. Goodbye."

(Exit)

ACT 2.

SCENE—Camp Grant telephone booth

T. S. at C. G. "All right, Lieutenant—here she is."

Y. L. "Hello—why I want to tell you what a fine time I had at your informal last week-end—oh yes—That was nothing. I was glad to get hold of them for you—May I come over tonight? We might go to the Pal.—Well, I called to tell you how much I enjoyed the dance, but I guess I can tell you that better when I see you—All right, at 7:30—Goodbye." (Exit)

MABEL LINDOP.....Chairman

COMMITTEES

Ruth Beckley.....Refreshments

Helen Hyde.....Decorations

Natalie Wilkinson.....Programs

Dorothy Woodbury.....Music

Junior-Freshman Picnic

"I thought that car would never come. I was beginning to fear we would have to walk."

"Well! some of the Juniors had to walk down to meet us this morning because no cars were running. But that didn't seem to worry them any."

"Oh, but wasn't the whole thing peachy?"

"Simply dead swell."

"That Y. W. C. A. bungalow is just too cute for words; and the way they had it all fixed up made me want to read there all day."

"But down by the river—"

"That darling old tree, and the old boat—"

"And the lovers' lane, and everything—"

"Right away Dorothy put her foot in the water, and didn't she look funny?"

"When the Juniors called us to lunch, I just shot up the bank."

"Oh, that marvellous lunch!"

"It was the most I have eaten since I left home."

"I only ate about five weenies, and two ice-cream cones, and a dozen cookies, and three apples, and—"

"It was a wonderful lunch, and the Juniors surely worked hard for it."

"Then, right after lunch, did you see me run in the three-legged race?"

"Well, what about my playing base-ball?"

"Wasn't it perfectly killing when the 'first-aiders' carried Virginia off the field?"

"I laughed all the time, for I never had such a good time in my life as I had today."

"That's because there weren't any old sophomores teasing us every minute."

"Or any rules about always being a perfect lady."

"Honestly, there are lots of lovely girls I had never known before today."

"Oh, dear! We are almost back to civilization. Let's start to get out."

"I suppose we will have to calm down now and stop raving, but I'm sure we'll never forget the fun we've had today."

Toledo Initiation

FRESHMEN OF ROCKFORD COLLEGE

October 13, 1917, 7:30 P. M. Gymnasium.

SPRINGTIME GIRL

Vianna Felske, Helen Morrill, Alice Newman, Frances Trissal, Dorothy Williams, Harriet Gregg, Agnes Woodward, Eva Bremer, Miriam Frisbie, Frances Anderson, Lucille Willert, Marian Patterson, Agnes Kittleson, Agnhild Taveira, Helen Morrill.

FIVE AGES OF MAN

Helen Brown, Anna Mattern, Mary Barnes, Florence Bleecker, Georgia Lingafelt, Anna Foster, Dorothy Dietz, Helen Wilkins, Vesper Fierce, Margaret Dodd, Marion Norton, Ruth Redman, Ruth Houghton, Helen Bigelow, Marion Burns, Ruth Parker, Helen Ferguson.

MADAME HUMAN SHANKO

The World Famous Contralto

Lenore Hyman and Georgia Lingafelt.

REEL LIFE

Bohnmilla Hrdlicka, Anna Foster, Dorothy Latta, Julia Taylor, Frances Bumsted, Edith Buehler, Dorothy Dietz, Helen Bigelow, Marion Norton, Marion Burns, Katherine Marshall.

JACK HOWARD AND BOB MURRAY

Right From Broadway

Marion Patterson and Frances Bradley

THE BROKEN PEDAL

Virginia Gibson, Dorothy Fuller, Doris Dellicker, Margaret Dodd, Ruth Lins.

DOWN HONOLULU WAY

Dorothy Knight, Lucile Lathrop, Lillian Davis, Claribel Knapp, Frances Rohwer, Helen Murdock, Althea Rickert, Margaret Schuh, Florence Brown, Norrine Peacock, Frances Regan, Geneva Hutchins, Bernice Sullivan, Feye Miller.

A MORNING AT CAMP GRANT

Louise Squier, Ada Sitterly, Minerva Lander, Mary Canode, Mona Graham, Florence Floden, Anna Mattern, Elsie Wiggert, Feye Miller.

Stage Manager—Marion Barber.

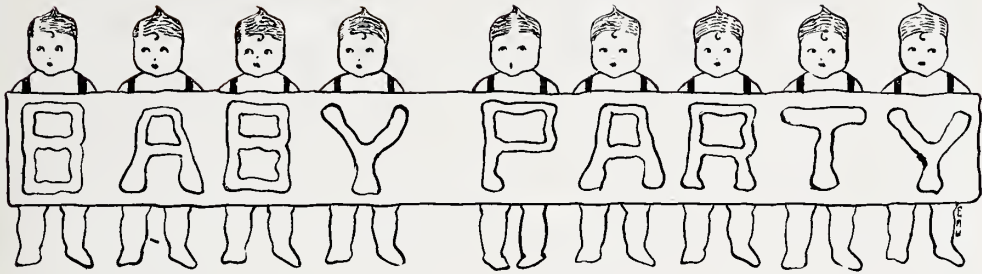
Stage Properties—Myra Rumsey, Sue Smith, Clarice Wilson, Julia Lind.

Lighting—Ruth Campbell, Faith Campbell, Louise Winters.

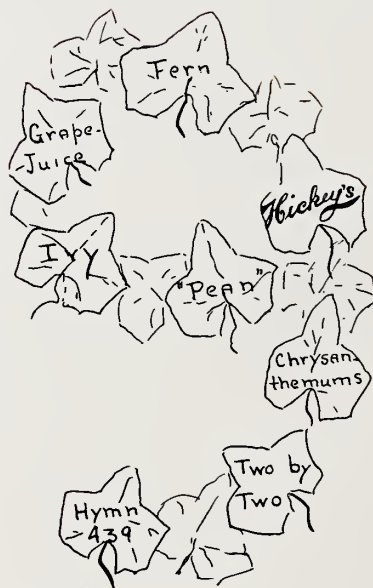
Curtain—Elsie Feddersen, Bernice Cooney, Frances Kent, Eleanor Brown.

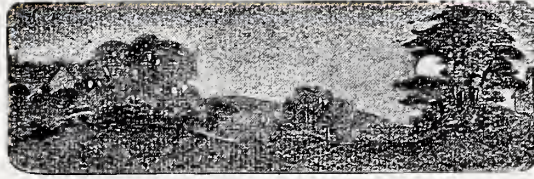
Ushers—Margaret Dow, Marion Graves, Sarah Hamilton, Louise Hornish, Miriam McQuarrie, Ruth Poley, Catherine Snell, Marion Aldrich, Luella Anderson, Doris Gunther.

Directors—Rose Gibson, Lucille Bilderback.



They were rather self-satisfied Freshmen (you know how nice you look in the dim light of your room without the inquiring eyes of many people on you) until they were marched single file around the gym before the Seniors in their best, the Faculty, Juniors, and Sophomores. Then, seated on the floor in groups of ten, they began to lose that sense of self-satisfaction when the a'l-too-conscientious upperclassmen with threatening sticks marked with each disgusted thud either the end of a bad beginning or the beginning of a bad end—that of fag duty for a Senior. At the stern bidding of a fearful Senior judge, they came forward in little groups quickly and quietly (knees wobbling), through a seemingly pathless wilderness of babies to face the dignified, bored, and disgusted ogre in cap and gown, and then—let us leave a merciful blank. The order of events was measurably successful in that it left the babies meek and limp, thanking their luck stars that it was over, but willing to go through with it again if their staying at Rockford depended on it.

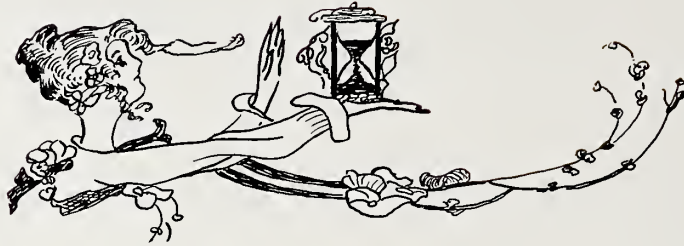




HALLOWEEN

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Being a Freshman isn't half bad sometimes, particularly on Hallowe'en party night when your class has to play audience by coming into the dining room first. The other classes don't follow in their usual hurry-up-at the last minute fashion, but come in all sorts of funny and ceremonious ways. This year the Sophomore Class, in one long white worm, came squirming in the back door and looked all the way up the dining room for it's lost leg; but it was perverted from the search by the sight of some candle lighted, fruit-laden tables, and sat down without the leg. The W. D. F. of cats came next. The Juniors couldn't have missed a cat in the dictionary from catalepsy to catastrophe. But oh Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, the wedding! Never again in matrimonial history will so paternall a God-bless-them looking minister marry so blushing-with-happiness a bride to such a bursting-with-pride groom. Linger awhile any Sunday afternoon in John Barnes, and you'll hear the songs we sang that night at dinner, for the memory of the dinner and the dance afterwards in the jack-o-lanterned, corn-husky Gym will go swinging around in the remembering part of us, quite as long as the merry-go-round will go round.



The Senior-Sophomore Cotillion

As described by Miss Bramhall

Now, you know, when I first received an invitation to the party which the Seniors had planned for the Sophomores, I wondered whatever in the world they were going to do. Really, I couldn't imagine one single thing that would be interesting. But, do you know, it's most peculiar what girls can do when they start out. After we got to the Gym we found this party was to be a cotillion—that's the post-bellum name for what we used to term the German. We drew our partners by matching cards and several of us got the mitten too. Then we were fanned around the floor (it was an exquisite compliment) to the music of a most interesting orchestra with a perfectly eccentric piano player. And, do you know, the first thing I knew I saw a Sophomore and a Senior fighting over another girl. Well I'm no pacifist, but I couldn't bear to see bloodshed; so I soon broke up that little scrap and everything went along fine after that. Really you know, the novelty of the lightless dance (yes! at R. C.) and all the other delightful stunts will long be remembered as features of this unique Senior-Sophomore Cotillion.

“Mock Prom”

Why *mock prom*? Certainly not because we didn't have fun! Did you ever see such good-looking men—dashing young officers (lingerie clasps make splendid insignia), thrilling privates, and plain clothes men who looked nothing less than United States congressmen or cabinet members? And I know one man who looked grand enough to be Lord Mayor of London. They were charmingly attentive to their ladies—sweet young things in blue or pink or yellow—who floated in on the arms of their gallants at dinner. The stags were positively uproarious—they sang quite shamelessly about certain “good little girls”. But you noticed, didn't you, that they were eager to ‘cut in’ on the dances afterward? I'll admit it was rather warm dancing when your moustache melted and your hair simply wouldn't stay close cut; but then, no one really cared!

And wasn't it fun taking your girl home after the dance and being told, when you said “Sweet Dreams”, that positively, without exception, you were the the best looking man of the evening?



“Hash”

PRESENTED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF
ROCKFORD COLLEGE

February 22, 1918.

ACT I Ballroom in the house of Shylock
ACT II Garden before the home of Shylock
ACT III Shylock's Garden
ACT IV A Room in Shylock's home
ACT V Scene 1. The Tomb
 Scene 2. The Woods
 Scene 3. The Tomb

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JULIET.....	Helen Rohe
ROMEO, a Montague.....	Irene Teller
SHYLOCK, Juliet's father.....	Alice Porter
LADY MACBETH, Juliet's mother.....	Grace Sheets
HAMLET, Juliet's brother.....	Grace Jamison
TYBALT, cousin to Juliet.....	Helen Hyde
NURSE to Juliet.....	Cordelia Olmsted
FALSTAFF, the Nurse's lover.....	Nellie Warner
THE COUNT OF PARIS.....	Natalie Wilkinson
HOTSPUR, attendant to Romeo.....	Margaret Everett
OPHELIA, a Servant in the house.....	Ruth Beckley
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.....	Lois Glenn
OTHELLO, general valet.....	Elizabeth Penrose
PORTIA, District Judge.....	Helen Curtis
THE GHOST.....	Marguerite Becker
RODERICK, dog to Falstaff.....	Roderick Goodwin
FRIAR TUCK, Presiding Elder.....	Viola Redding
HECATE and OTHER DRUGGISTS.....	Abby Gregory
	Ellen McMichael
	Helen Vawter
RETINUE, Helen Baldwin, Marion Brolin, Lucile Boyle, Harriet Burpee, Esther Strote, Faith Campbell, Grace Ryan, Ruth Campbell, Elizabeth McEachran, Edith Olander, Edna Olander, and Lilian Smith.	
HERALD of the “Hash”.....	Hazel Miners
ASSASSINS of the Originals.....	Grace Jamison
	Hazel Miners
MISTRESS of the Wardrobe.....	Viola Redding
SCENIC SYMPHONIZER.....	Lois Glenn
COMPTROLLER of the Coffers.....	Ruth Beckley
PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.....	Helen Baldwin



Washington Party

"Hello," said a low voice near me. I jumped and turned about; but I saw no one who, I thought, could have spoken to me. "Hello," said the voice again. "You don't know me but I remember you all right." I looked about again, thinking, as I did so, that I was losing my mind. And then I saw what I hadn't noticed before. George Washington was smiling and nodding at me from his frame, while his eyes twinkled merrily at my surprise.

"Yes," he continued "I saw you when you were a Freshman here four years ago. Don't you remember? You carried me up from my nail on the wall of Middle Hall and hung me here among the flags. I've never spoken to you before, but I couldn't resist doing it this year."

"Why, I didn't know you could talk!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I can only speak once a year. All the rest of the time I hang on a nail by a wire; but on the night of Washington Party I live again. Then, although you girls don't notice any difference, probably, I dance all around. I sit on the piano keys, and I sip the punch. And sometimes I even try a one-step; but they're awfully hard to do, aren't they? Ah! Here comes your partner for the next dance. Goodbye, little girl."

"Goodbye, George," I murmured. And as we danced I kept watching for George, but I never saw him again.

WASHINGTON PARTY

MOMENT MUSICALE

Beatrice Warner
Ruth Beckley
Natalie Wilkinson
Ruth Bennett
Lea Gordon
Anna Foster

Elizabeth Penrose
Jeannette Foster
Doris Dellicker
Ruth Wilson
Elizabeth Rearick
Helen Sipfle

THE BAND BOX

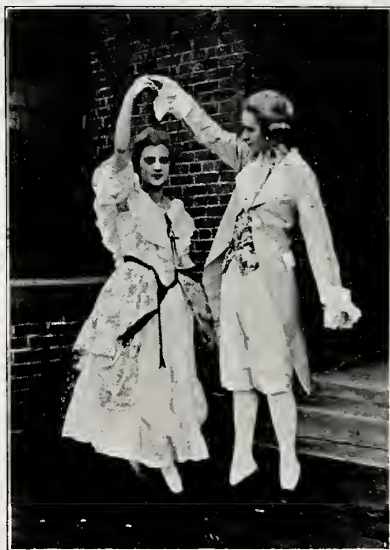
Zoa Velde
Helen Hyde

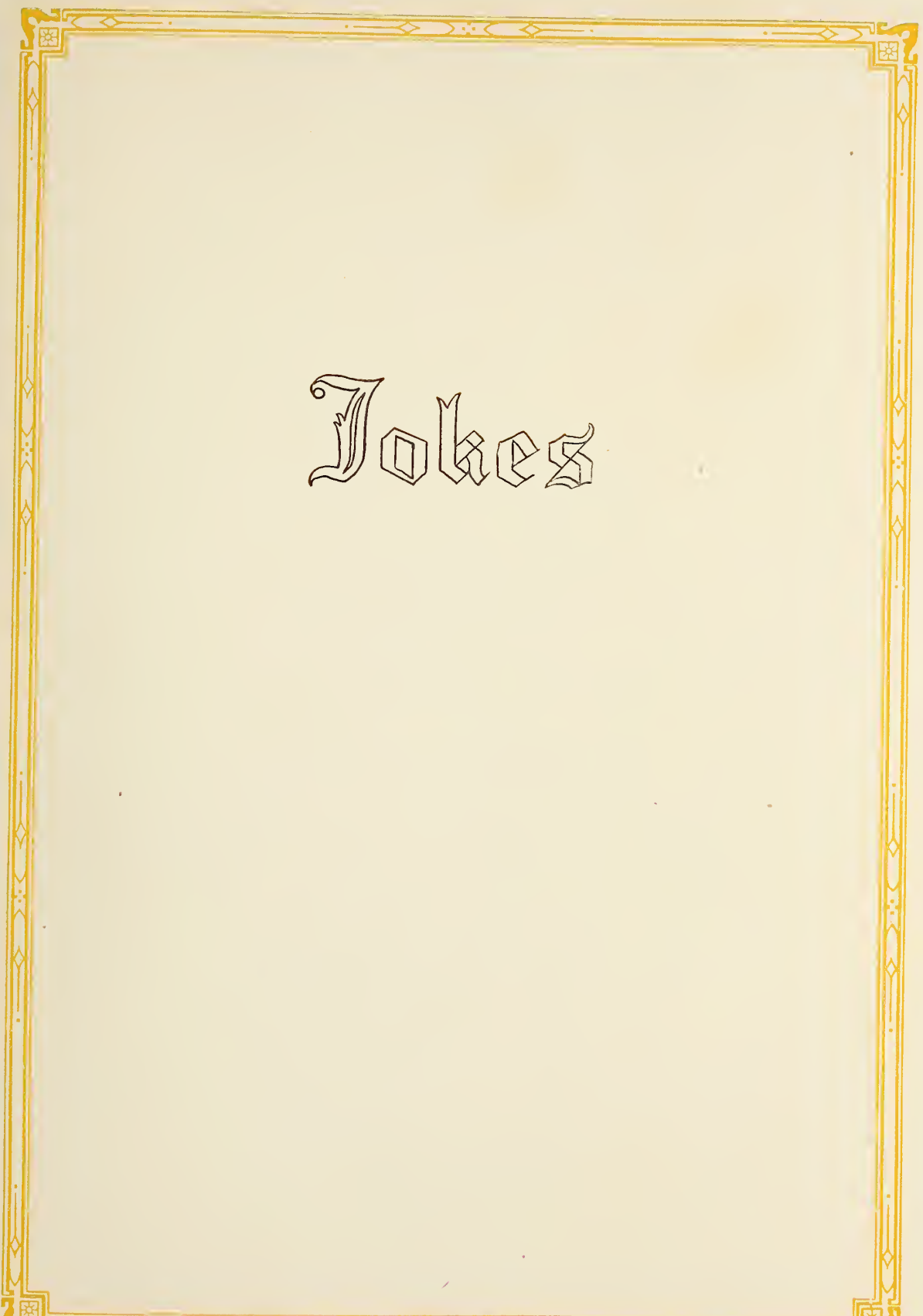
PATRIOTIC MEDLEY

Margaret Seymour

Lucile Lathrop
Dorothy Latta
Harriet Gregg
Marion Norton
Abby Gregory
Lois Glenn

Grace Hall
Margaret Manning
Beulah Mae Sammons
Elizabeth O'Reilly
Dorothy Dietz
Edith Buehler





Jokes

Censor of this Department: Miss Ing

Seen your:

18 pigtailed and 18 yellow ribbons.

Tolo initiation "Cupid at Cross Purposes".

Second Baby Party when you dressed as Kids and ate at the "second table" Washington Party time.

Many daffodils at your yellow freshman prom.

Dance on the campus at midnight—May Party time.

Competition in vaudeville acts when the seniors gave movies.

President slide down the blankets from 3rd to 2nd J. B.

Luncheon for the class of 1915.

Helen Shaw riding the wire in your Hallowe'en stunt.

Mardi-gras.

Yellow tea for the Juniors.

Political parade at your home-coming.

Waffles and "What makes the butter-fly?"

Marshmallow toast for the Seniors

Senseless Songs

"Yellow Ribbon"

Bonfire in the driveway June 12th.

Senior dance—the first military ball at R. C.

Wedding-party at your last Hallowe'en party at R. C.

Four vain attempts at the Hockey Cup.

Many salads at Senior table, bought with superfluous annual money.

Manual of arms at dessert time.

Sassy, spooky, spicy, 'spensive "Sic 'em."

Weather forecast for June 12th, 1918:

15 degrees in the shade.

Weather forecast for June 11th, 1919:

Fair and warmer.

Advice to the Young and Uninitiated

On reaching the College, go directly to the office and ask for Miss Irvin. Don't let yourself be detained in this. Miss Irvin has had a lonesome summer and is anxious to see all the new girls. Then look up Miss Church. She is anxiously waiting for your trunk to be sent up so she can help you unpack. Next, hunt up the other faculty. Make them see you are glad to meet them. Before calling on them it is well to look up their pedigrees in the college catalogue so you will have something in common. For instance, introduce yourself to Miss Hannum by telling her that Bill Shakespeare is a mutual friend. This takes well; we speak from personal experience.

Then after you have told all the faculty about your family tree and how many cylinders there are in your father's best car, hunt up the Seniors. They are apt to be homesick and will be glad to be entertained until classes begin and they have some place to go. Don't forget to tell them of your high school commencement exercises including your oration as salutatorian of a class of eleven. The underclassmen will be intensely interested in this also.

Then introduce yourself to some of your fellow freshmen. They will be glad to know how clubby you are with the old girls and will undoubtedly ask how you do it. But of course you will have no recipe.

Be sure to explain all the college customs to the old girls. After an absence of three months they are apt to grow rusty about R. C. customs and will be grateful for any casual reminder you are able to offer them.

At dinner, for the benefit of the head, compare the movies in Rockford with those in your home town. This is a vital matter; the faculty will be interested to know how far superior Hobson's Harbor is to Rockford or Chicago.

Of course there are many other little things to be done, but your understanding nature will prompt you to render these lesser services.

Now, start cutting classes and spend the time in making a plan for the new library building; also give some thought to what your stunt will be at baby party!

A few specific reminders:

Remember that the breakfast bell rings at 6:30 A. M. Hurry! Don't keep the maid waiting.

Be sure to deposit your quarter with Miss Enoch for bath privileges.

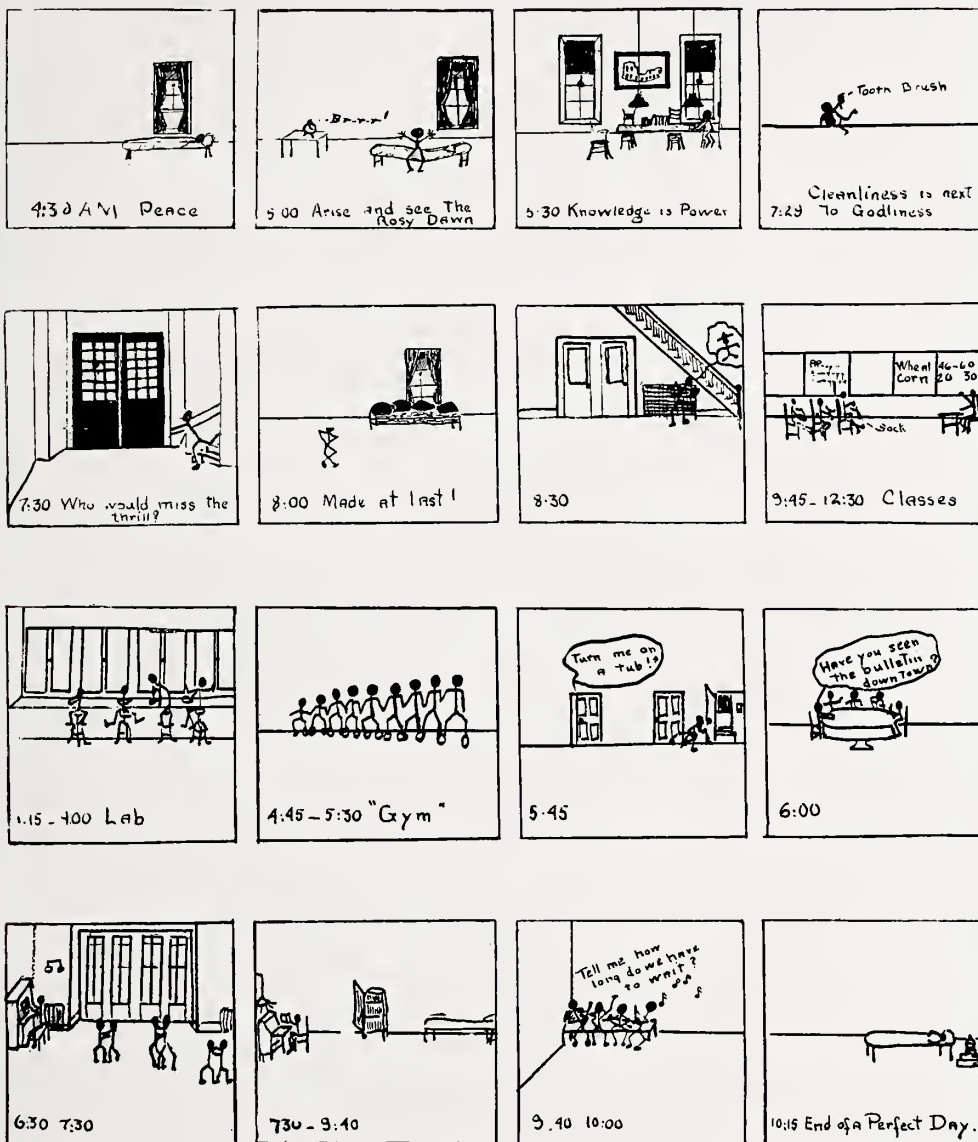
Make it a special point to stand aside for faculty on the way down to dinner, *if* you have plenty of time. However, do not hesitate to display your Terpsichorean skill to the extent of causing any or all of these pedagogues to seek safety in flight.

Don't bother to stand aside for upperclassmen. They like to know that you feel perfectly at home.

Always leave the gas stove burning! It saves matches.

If you haven't time to go outside for your exercise, just run briskly up and down the corridor. Thus you increase your own vitality and afford good lung power to the "shushers".

“Yep, nothing to do 'till tomorrow”



LINES COMPOSED ON A STRAW STACK
A FEW MILES FROM ROCKFORD.

The dipper hung low in the northern sky
When a troop of girls went tramping by;
Tell me how long will we have to wait—
Will we get there soon
Or must we hesitate?

We went to bed on a big straw stack;
Can we stay all night, or must we go back?
Tell me how long will we have to wait—
Will it rain tonight
Or will it hesitate?

The meteors fell: we counted ten;
The roosters crowed and so did the hen;
Tell me how long will we have to wait—
Will the pigs crow too
Or will they hesitate?

The dipper turned over in the middle of the night;
It got us all wet; we sure were a sight;
Tell me how long will we have to wait—
Will the sun come up
Or will it hesitate?

The sun came up and dried the damp;
We all got up and went back to camp;
Tell me how long will we have to wait—
Can we breakfast now,
Or must we hesitate?

Natalie, speaking of turning on a tub after tardy:

“Oh, I can fix it so it can’t be heard.”

R. Gleasman: “Yes, but the water makes a noise going out.”

Natalie: “There’s no rule about that; it can go out after tardy.”

Gladys W: “What, without a chaperone!”

THE ANVIL CHORUS.

For the purpose of knocking those who need knocking.

We nominate the poor excuse who lets her alarm clock ring long enough to wake everybody else in the corridor—we nominate her for president of the Mexicans. They shoot people like that down there.

F. Johnston recommends "Brow-out" instead of "Brow-ine" for beautifying one's lineaments.

(Protest from F. Trissal: "What have I to come out?")

Margaret Wheelock might profit by discovering that a night letter is a species of telegram, not a missive for Uncle Sam's delivery.

Question: Can Miss Bishop devise a physiological scheme by which Bohnmilla and Marguerite can proportion the size of their voices to their body weight?

Miss Bailey has been asked to furnish for Miss Styles' benefit an automatic self-filling olive dish.

We suggest that M. Ells get a periscope for the purpose of viewing the callers in Middle Hall, while she stands upstairs clad in a kimona.

Does Ruth Bennett think she's shortening the chapel service when she indulges in a vocal race?

We wonder whether Lucy-Ellen considers she can always pull A's, without ever giving the teachers any encouragement?

Utopia: When second John Barnes comes to a full realization of tardy.

Nittie: Who's the lady with the lantern?

Wittie: Helen Baldwin.

Nittie: What's the idea of the torch?

Wittie: Oh, she carries that to lighten her work.

Did you all hear about the time when Miss Bockius went downstairs after tardy to post the tennis tournament, and Lucille Willert, thinking that we were about to be surprised by a night fire-drill, hurriedly detached her hair from the electric-wavers?

(They can't fool you twice, can they, girlie?).

As J. Foster would have delivered the famous exhortation

“Don’t give up the ship!”

“In the event of my demise or inability to continue the direction of the present manoeuvres, which is not unlikely, all the circumstances considered, I would dissuade you from any purpose you might possibly entertain of relinquishing the vessel to the enemy.”

I. Buckland, at the first of the year: “Why, there aren’t any old girls at my table except Miss Bramhall and myself.” (Quick curtain)

Cubby Hawes (having explored the physiology laboratory with Miss Bishop): “Say, Mrs. Short, did you know they have a skeleton up at college?”

Mrs. Short: “Yes I’ve heard so!”

Cubby: “And they got a brain up there, too!!”

Unfriendly ice, beneath my weight
You find your strength is not too great
Ye Gods! if prayers can safely win
I pray you let me not break in.
Oh! now I go! Outrageous luck
Ordains that I should have a duck.
Aforesaid Gods! extend your arm
And help me, lest I meet with harm.
All thanks! I need your aid no more;
My feet, at last, have reached the shore.

(Found on the table in the Day Student’s Room. Our congratulations and best wishes to the budding young poet.)

On the faculty porch.

Lieutenant, to an embarrassed young sergeant, whom he had caught rising from his knees before a fair damsel: “As you were.”

(See Miss Johnson for specific details.)

From a Latin theme.

In writing up a current event, a freshman submitted the following information: *Intra quindecim pedes aedificii.*

The Reverend E. H. Merriman: Hope is a Heaven-sent Faculty.

Real Love Stories

Mine has been the experience to fall in love with a picture. Oh, little did that man reckon, who first invented cameras, what joy, what despair, what glee he was putting into the life of a certain curly—old-rose-haired student at Rockford College. I was just recovering from a severe case of being jipped by a college youth, and was looking around for a new object upon whom to lavish my affections. Carelessly singing, and little anticipating the moment that was to change my whole life, I went to cast the contents of my waste-basket in the Big Dump. As is my custom, I picked over a few of the bits of refuse of other industrious cleaners, my Hooverizing instinct always to the front, you see! And among the debris-es, what did I find but the likeness of my future soul-mate, chosen for me, I am sure, by Destiny. Would I could describe him! 'Twas but a small picture; yet from it I gathered many details. He is light, I think, although he wears a grey Fedora hat, with the sweetest band on it! His mouth is large—at least, he grins large. He ties his necktie spreading like, with a delicate stick-pin to hold it out of place. His coat is a little tight, so I don't have to worry about his health, for he appears to be fattish. But the eyes! They are divine! On the whole, he is perfect; and I love him with all the love in my broken, mistreated heart. Now, our affaire de coeur has not progressed very far, but I love him, and that is much.

PINKIE.

Not long ago, I was packing some eggs in my father's store and one of the fresh guys in the establishment dared me to indite my name upon the encasing shell of one of the eggs. A spirit of deviltry prompted me, (or was it Cupid that gave me a shove?) and I took the dare. A few weeks later I received a letter addressed in the most romantic handwriting, from the hero who had received my egg. He said that when his valet brought it to him and he saw my name, his heart leapt, for he knew he had met his mate's name. And so he kept that egg, and made a place for it on his bureau where he could always see it, and whenever he was reminded of its presence he thought of me. Oh, it was a wonderful letter! I know my hero is perfect! Someday, I shall meet him, and meanwhile we correspond in such loving terms about the "eggy" way we were brought together.

MIRIAM



FIVE STAGES IN THE EVOLUTION OF AN EDUCATED WOMAN

AMOEBA.....	<i>Freshman</i>
WORM.....	<i>Sophomore</i>
GOAT.....	<i>Junior</i>
HUMAN.....	<i>Senior</i>
ANGEL.....	<i>Faculty</i>

Margaret Dodd:—(explaining at table that she hadn't taken her finals at midyears) "So, you see, I'm incomplete; but I'm not worrying! I'm happy!"
Nancy Ambler:—"Oh, The Glory of the Imperfect!"

Miss Jadwin: "Why do you pour the tomato into the milk?"
Ruth Griggs: (thinking of what she had learned in chemistry regarding acids)
"To prevent an explosion."

Heard on the stairs.
A maid (who has just tipped over a pail of water): "Dam it!"

Dr. Watson: ".....about 1669"....."
Estle Russell: "What time did you say it was?"
Dr. Watson (pulling out his watch) "Just 10:33."

Did you hear Fraulein Behrens ask for more heat one cold day last February?
"Can't you make my room warmer? I've been sitting with my feet on the transom for the last hour." (Position is everything, you know.)

In the Zoology Laboratory.
R. Lins: "I wish the Bishop would come and confirm my drawings!"

Ah, but what a difference!
Mail time—8 A. M.
Male time—8 P. M.

"Speaking of Angels"



AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

The Misses Sarah Brum and Sarah Bellum are ladies well known to us through intimate Association. Sarah Brum is of happy Instinct, though envious Emotions are quickly aroused when her Habit is not so stylish as Sarah Bellum's, who shows great Discrimination in dress. Although of keen Perception and Reasoning, Sarah Bellum was also an Imaginative sort of person. She could Totally Recall in her Memory the pleasing Sensations of riding through Space, and this was the cause of a most unfortunate incident.

"Traveling on either of the Hemispheres must be delightful," meditated Sarah Bellum one morning, when suddenly a Motor came in Sight and she recognized in it some friends.

"Halloo, Cy Nation! Good morning, Will," called the ladies, and immediately the two gentlemen were all Attention and asked the Sarahs to ride with them over to the Rolandic region.

"Oh, thank you" they cried "for this Auto-suggestion," and soon they were enjoying the Sensations of Motion.

The party was proceeding gaily until they were within the boundaries of the Motor Zone, where they were stopped by Sylvius, a guard, for exceeding the speed limit. He had such a Cold Spot in his heart that the Retention of Will was made necessary; the ride was given up, and there was nothing left for the ladies to do but drown their sorrows in the Stream of Consciousness.

—EXCHANGE

R. Beckley: "Charles Lamb paced his garden an entire day trying to think of a word to use in one of his essays."

H. H. H.: "What did he paste it on?"

M. Herrick, calling roll:—"Mademoiselle Manning?"

M. M.: "No, my name's Margaret."

Miss Sherman: "Now, how would you go about this? What would you do if I weren't here?"

B. Sammons: "I'd go find you."

Miss Bockius: "I want you to be erect when you land."

Betty Everett: "Oh, I'll be a wreck when I land, all right."

Miss Bishop: "Don't use your pens so much. Train your *ears* to get the lecture, pick out the main points, and jot them down."
(Can one's ears do all that?)



"The Big Spring Drive"

WAR BOOKS IN COLLEGE VERNACULAR.

"Rhymes of a Red Crossed Exam." By Miss Hannum.

"Miss Allen Pulls It Through." By Mabel Lindop.

"Students in Arms." Published by F. Von Eisen Bockius during the hockey season of 1917.

"The Red Flanette, or How I Keep Warm in Winter." Edited by our Alpine Yodler, Dorothy Williams.

"Private Fees." Miss Enoch is the Author.

"Over the Edge: or How I got through in History." By C. Olmsted.

"Back from the Back, or My Four Years in the Kitchen." By Hulda, the Swift.

"Pill Doc on J. Barnes." Saam and Eromle, co-editors.



"No Man's Land"

A LECTURE IN TOTO.

"Well, now you know" "when I was in New York this summer" "I found that all the front families were attending lectures", a "most *cycorious* situation!!" "Understand, this is not a reproach but merely a suggestion." "Have you heard this before? Well, then it's something new." "Repetition is as good for the mind as confession is for the soul." "Now, I want you to listen; I'm going to repeat that for the benefit of the back row." "Repetition is as good for the mind as confession is for the soul."

"HmMMMM, Miss Hoofnoddle looks interested." "Now, don't make this confidential; speak up and let the rest of the class hear." "Ouvrez votre bouche. Avancez les levres." "Answer my question!" "*Well*, that's an epoch-making statement!" "Now, there are three kinds of examinations in this department; it's merely a "pekoolarity" of the "efeciency" of this department as a "science department".

"Yesyesyesyesyes", "I didn't mean to wander off in this way"; "if you had been watching me you would have noticed that I retarded." "Now, by concentrated attention" — "but don't increase your rhythm"—"can't you by any supreme mental effort think of this?" "It's very simple." "Thus we can readily see in eighteen and eighty that this crises" was "a *rare* experience." "HmMMMMMM, this makes me think I'm going insane!" "What do you think about it?" "Oh, I beg your pardon! I creep, I crawl; under the rug for the instructor."

"It's plain to be seen that something will *have* to be done!" "But what are you going to do about it?" "If you would *only* learn to correlate!" "Now, if you were asked how to get to the Big Windy would you say?" "Now, how many of you have been abroad?" "Not to any appreciable extent!" "Well, that's necessary, but not sufficient." "Is that clear?" "Yes, that's interesting," but "the Anti-Sherman trust act was merely a happen-so." "Yes, ah'm ve'y pahrtial to Southehnehs" but "did we let the girls do that last year?" "Well, nothing above the eyebrows!" "Do you appreciate this?" "Ach, hat es schon geschellt?" "All this merely goes to show the importance of conserving natural gas." "Now, have you *read* this?"

A prize to the one who places the most quotations. Now, who gets the hand-painted berry set?

M. Becker: "My, your waist and shoes match your skirt nicely."
M. Lindop: "Yes, I'm a regular parody in brown."

L. Bilderback, speaking of a young doctor lieutenant, who was a cousin of hers, and who had been treating her unsuccessfully: "Oh well, you couldn't expect him to do very much for me, because I'm only a civilian."

THE BATTLE OF FLUNKERS' HELL.

Written on the eve of the Conic War before the closing of the temple of 88

By the great horn spoon of C'lumban,
By the apostles' hoary breath,
We shall 'dopt the Petran theory
'Ere we go to meet our death.

By the gray beard of Augustus,
By Justinian's blasted code,
We shall write our Ancyranum
'Ere we leave this earthly mould!
(!!***%/%/%/o::***** '"" \$\$) (Battle)

When the din of battle ended
And the vassals strewed the ground
We had cleared our blotted 'scutcheon
And a laurel wreath we'd found.

By our brain and panopeptin,
By the grace of our lord fief,
We became the Conic victors
And in B's we found relief.

OLMSTED.
BECKER.

CAMOUFLAGE.

Symptoms of measles caused by news of promising dance at Iowa.
T.D.'s excessive study of Shakespeare just before Hash.
Pinky's maidenly blush.
Dietz's two-week busy.
Baldwin's brain-fag.
"Dearie"

How do you know it's the box factory?
"Your nose knows."

Main 749.

Miss Gott: "Oh, is that you Fred? Oh, I thought you were dead."

Mr. Goodwin: "Hello, Della, that you? Sorry, but I can't be up this evening.
Can we make it tomorrow?" (Where's Mamie?)

Office girl: "Say, listen, hold on a minute; drop your slug."

Ruth Gleasman: "I did drop it."

O. G.: "Well, drop it again; I didn't hear it."

Any man to any girl: "Hello, how are you?"



"Seven Ages of Man-ning"

ACCORDING TO MISS BISHOP.

There's nothing to an onion but odor and water.
A promenade is merely a rotary marathon.
First you kick reflexly; later you learn to kick automatically.
Brevity is the soul of a good exam.
Peroxide isn't any good for cuts. (Which kind?)
No matter what an exam covers, it uncovers a lot.
A cough is a bid for sympathy.
"If you quote me, quote me correctly".

IS THIS YOUR LITTLE PET PEEVE?

To come in at 5:55 and find all the tubs taken.
To have the half hour after chapel occupied.
To be forced to place four yards of tulle in the neck of your prom dress.
To have the cocoa burned.
To wait ten minutes for a motion in Tolo.
To hunt an hour for your hat and then meet it coming back from down town.
To have your teacher hold the class until second bell.
To hear a declamatory contest in the hall between 6:30 and 7 A. M.
To hear girls murdering "My Country, 'tis of Thee" in endeavoring to become masters of the uke.
To have the head of the department appear nineteen minutes after second bell.
To have lessons assigned over vacations.
To find a special in your box two hours after its arrival.
To dash to your room in a fever of starvation only to find that someone has already partaken of your fruit.
To be told that you played a wonderful game after your team has just been firmly stepped on by superior forces.
To be requested to attend a thrilling stereoptican lecture on silk production because you were unfortunate enough to elect Home Economics.
To have a research theme to write over week-end of Prom.
To have your pictures removed from your boudoir by an admiring friend of the photographed vision.
To be asked in class by an outraged member of faculty if you have looked at the lesson, when you are conscious of having boned for three hours.
To wait all evening for a dashing young soldier whom you are taking to prom, only to be informed two days later by note that he was suddenly put on special duty.

(One might imagine that the editor is easily peeved; she remembers so many cases of peevishness. Denials from the front!!!)

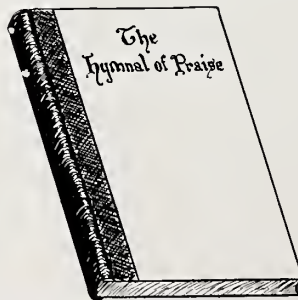
Althea's uncle: I didn't know you could have visitors here.
Betty Everett: Oh, yes; they're our chief amusement.

APPLIED CHAPEL SERVICES.

"Still Lift Your Standards High"—Miss Church to the faculty.
"Help of the Helpless"—A tutor.
"Child of Heaven, Oh, How Bright!"—Grace Jamison.
"Forgive our Fev'rish Ways!" Infirmary patients to Mrs. Elmore.
"Help me the Slowest One to Move." Miss Allen, speaking of her Math I class.
"A Glorious Band, the Chosen Few." Annual Staff (Oh, how we love us)
"Once More 'Tis Eventide, and We
Oppressed with Various Ills Draw Near." A corridor cat party.
"Our Little Systems Have their Day
They Have their Day and Cease to be." Elegy on bluffing devices.
"We Have not Known Thee as We Ought!" The cry of the students before
an exam.
"I Need Thy Presence Every *Passing* Hour." A Latin student to her pony.
"Oh, we would bring our offering
Tho' marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor
Of steady, faithful toil."

"The flesh may fall, the heart may faint
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?" Final Week.

"Bring Relief from All Complaints!" The plea of the faculty after cons come out.
"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget!" Any girl, any class, any time.
"We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear." Chronic Conners.
"Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou dost choose." Our Offering "costly and sweet" to the
faculty.
"Hail to the Millions to Bondage Returning!" Rockford's greeting to the
college girls in the fall.
"Sometimes a Light Surprises" About 10:10 P. M.
"There's a Hush of Expectation and a Quiet in the Air" After tardy, waiting
for the proctor. (Does not hold for 2nd John Barnes.)
"With that Deep S'hush Subduing All." This of course refers to a model
corridor. Once we had one. Gee! it was nice."
"And the Night Watch Seemed so Long." To the Kaiser.



HOW OUR ALUMNI FOSTER THE LITERARY SPIRIT!!

A SHIP WRECK.

When I was on this ship I was about eighty-nine years old and was manager of a big ship. They were about two thousand beside me. They were all big men weighing three hundred and ninety-nine pounds a piece we had many large machine guns on the ship with us some horses and cows. The cows were their so if we got hungry we just went in and ate a cow. We went on a little ways and captured about one million Germans and brought them to New York and throwed them in the prison as we were going back our ship sprung a leak and the ship sunk and all of us swum to the shore and saved our lives.

Written by the fattest boy in my class.—P. Beckmark.

(Our congratulations, Phyl! You certainly have did noble!)

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

When, on the day cons come out, you perceive a slip in your box, quakingly wait your turn, and find it is a bill for table party?

When we can go walking on Sunday afternoons sans guardians?

When the gentleman scheduled to speak during the half hour forgets to come?

When two seasons of training are over?

When Miss Miller, incarcerated with the measles, omits the assignment of lessons in Math and Physics for two weeks?

When, after you have spent the period listening to Miss Hannum's dissertation on the unintelligent answers found in you last exam. books, yours is returned with a passing grade?

"Olmsted, on seeing a girl come in to the dining-room after the last breakfast bell: "She hasn't much honor, or she wouldn't do that."

H. H. H.: "No, if she's coming down this late, she can't have much on 'er."

We are interested in solving the unique but useful question "What is the difference between the mouse when it spins?"

Will the *Brain* please help us out? R. S. V. P.

D. Mandeville: When was Mecca born?

"Seens" Along Our Corridors

Second ☆ Chapel
W.II Allow
NO
POST MORTEM
within its walls

IN

Great oaks
from little
acorns grow
but not if the
acorns are wormy

Moral:-
Be sure of
your nut



OUT



BUSY
MY CO(U)N(TRY)
CALLS



What a fine world this
would be if every body
tried to cultivate a keener
sense of responsibility !!!

Shivering is a form of exercise
Exercise keeps you warm
Therefore shiver and keep warm

AN HOUR IN NO. 88.

Miss Bramhall: "Of what use would citizenship be to a man who couldn't vote?"
Mabel Rossiter: "He could sell his vote."

Miss B. "For Heaven's sake, Miss Olmsted, answer something.
Don't sit there like a—a—*Chinese idol!*"

Miss B. "When was the first observance of the Lord's Supper?"
H. Baldwin: "April 10th."

Miss B. What were the Sagas?
Lea Gordon: They were the early writings of the apostles.

Miss B. How much military service did a vassal have to give his lord?
D. Jamison. Forty days.
Miss B. And *what?*
D. Jamison. Forty knights.

Miss B. (To a girl sitting on the first row) Well, speak up!
Maybe if you talked a little louder Miss Glenn wouldn't have to sit back
there and indulge in a pink tea with her friends for amusement.

Miss B. What sort of exam do you want?
Hazel Look. What sorts have you?

Miss B. Where are the Ionian Islands, Miss Miners?
T.D. I don't know.
Miss B. Well, where would you expect to find them?
T.D. In an encyclopedia.

Miss B. What are the necessary sacraments of the Catholic Church, Miss Rear-
ick?
E. Rearick. Well—marriage, and—
Miss B. Oh, then all of us who are unmarried are eternally damned! That's
interesting.

IDENTITIES.

An infinite series	Classes
A graph(t)	Home Nursing
A natural function	Helen Curtis' blushing
The 4th dimension	English II, III, IV.
A derivative	Lois Glenn
A-cute angle	Lucile Lathrop
The locus of points	Dining room
The limit	Anna Mattern
A tan-gent	The chef
A triangle	Ida Grove
Co-efficient	Miss Bishop and Miss Sherman
A curve	Feye Miller
An ideal point	Spring Vacation
Infinitesimal	Georgia Lingafelt
A dense class	Zoology I
A minus quantity	Fuzzy Wuzzy
Incommensurable	D. Woodbury
Fundamental relations	Campbell girls
Real roots	Hockey cheering
A negative increment	Food
Irrational	Helen Morrill
π	History of Music
A c(h)ord	Olmsted
A fraction	Frances Bradley
A continous variable	Julia Taylor
At right angles	(Gee, we're getting scared!)

All thanks to Miss Allen for her help.



"MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT."

I am a bashful Freshman who abhors anything bordering on the bold; however, once I not only bordered but stepped all the way in. The telephone rang nonchalantly, and being a Freshman I passionately answered and heard someone ask appealingly, "May I speak to Miss Bessie Miller?" I stepped back a pace or two or three and called melodiously, "Oh, Bessie! Oh, Bessie! Oh, Bessie Miller!" How astounded and stupified I was when from her domicile strode a dignified member of the faculty. My gosh, but I was fussed!

(Marion Graves.)

WHAT'S THE POINT OF—

The mysterious page in last year's Annual? Is it for the many or the few? We believe in democracy!!!
The sign in the library reading "Quiet and order are requested here."
The dish mop hung on Grace Hall's door.
Virginia Gibson's knitted necklace.
Kay Marshall's bangs.
Roderick's putting paper in the sink in Chem Lab.
Snell's ten ounce tennis racket.
Mabel Lindop's Major.
Penny's single.

THE ESSENCE OF TACT.

H. Vawter: "Miss Dudley, will you chaperone me to a church social this evening?"
Miss Dudley: "Oh, ah'm not so keen about church socials."
H. V. "Oh, it's not a bit religious."
Miss D.: "But ah don't feel as if ah could give up a whole evening to one."
H. V. "You'll have a good time. There'll be lots of old ladies for you to talk to."
Miss D.: "Can't you find somebody else?"
H. V. (peevd) "No! I've asked everyone, and you're the last."

QUIZ TIME AT R. C.

"The brain is carefully protected from all outside influences within its box-like covering, the skull."
"Always brush your teeth with a curved back"—(oh, of course, if it's more convenient).
"I took Botany to increase my vocabulary." What does she mean?
"The muscles of the brain are in the motor region."

RE-"HASH"

"We come to murder Shakespeare, not to quote him."

"To bathe or not to bathe; that is the question.
Whether 'tis better for us all to stand
The slings and arrows of the slanderous chatter of bathing friends
Or join the throng of bathers in the tub-room,
And, splashing, cleanse us. To rouse from sleep
At seven; and by a cold one then to end
The drowsiness and the inertia
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To count; to jump;
To slip; perchance to fall. Ay! there's the rub.
Or in a warm tub, what dreams may not come
When we have shuffled thru a long long day
And there do pause. That is the time
That makes calamity a thing forgot.
For who recalls the whips and scorns of time,
The cons one gets, the pangs of holding office,
The spurns that we must take from horrid faculty,
When one lies in a bath-tub, dreaming! dreaming! dreaming!"
"A tub! A tub! My kingdom for a tub!"

"The quality of baked beans is not strained;
They falleth as the manna of Elisha,
Upon our meatless days.
We are twice blessed;
They bless us when they're baked and when they're soup.
They're filling to the fillingest; they become
The festal platter better than the meat.
The beefsteak showed the pocket-book undrained,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But patriotism is above this sceptered sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of us
It is an attribute to Roderick himself.
And baked beans do then seem likest to a steak
When patriotism seasons hunger. Therefore, Shylock
Though hunger be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the cause of patriotism, none of us
Should pet our palates. You pray for beefsteak
And that same prayer doth teach us all that thou
Art not a patriot. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict rule of Hoover's
Must needs give sentence 'gainst thee, Shylock, here."

"My fate cries out,
But every petty artery in this body
Must be remembered, or I shall surely flunk!
My history dates together with the fourth dimension
Are all mixed up! My Shakespeare too
Is all awry! And now the hour is come
When I to finals fearsome, hard and cruel
Must render myself up. Ah! Ah! that con!
How far one little con can shed its beams."

"What's in a name? That which we call fish soup
By any other name would taste as bad."

Miss Bishop, lecturing in Physiology on the digestive system:
"The greater the amount of physical or mental work done the more food is needed. Don't overeat, girls!"

AND YET THEY LET IT LIVE!

Bob Orton: "I've been cutting my wisdom tooth."
C. Olmsted: "Oh, how many cuts do you have?"

Betty at Sunday night tea, poisoning a morsel of sardine on her fork:
"I wonder whether I'll be able to play my scales well tomorrow?"
Hovey: "At least you ought to be more efficient."

A MAGNANIMOUS CONCESSION

M. Seymour: "If the man is too short for me, *you* can go to the dance with him."

SUGGESTIONS FOR A PATRIOTIC MENU

War bread, made out of peace-meal.
Army bed rolls, fresh if nothing else; made up daily.

Helen Rohe (on being asked to give the principal parts of the Latin verb *flunko* at Classical Club initiation):
"Is that the first part?"
Answer "Yes."
Helen, in a tragic voice: "Why, I should think that would be the end."

We wonder why Mr. Blinn's dancing class is growing so!

In answer to Jean Glenn's letter home in which she asked if she might move to 3rd John Barnes, giving as her excuse that she wanted to study, Mr. Glenn replied that if altitude had anything to do with the matter, he suggested the Cupola or a balloon.

Marguerite, referring to T. D.'s canary, 'Buddy',
"After whom did you name him?"
T. D. "Nobody."
P.S. Will somebody please explain this to our editor-in-chief? She doesn't see it yet!

This from Miss Mary:
"You know, we're not calling them dining rooms any more. They're conservatories."

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

"Soldiers 25 cents." (Is this a rummage sale?)

Miss Stewart: "You know we can all reduce,—(Signs of life in D. Styles) the amount of wheat we use." (Too bad!!)

Helen Rohe discussing the humor of "Life": "I should think the authors would go crazy. Anybody can be funny for a little while, but—
Muriel West—"But imagine being funny for life."

T. D.—"Oh, you flatter me!"
Betty—"My dear, you *couldn't* be flatter."

Robert, in writing of the Rockford Bureau of Recommendations,—
"It would take more than a bureau to recommend me for a position even as a chamber-maid. It would take a whole bedroom set."

We, the members of the Junior Class, fearing that our most able president is not duly appreciated, have taken the liberty of abducting this letter from her room, during her absence, for the purpose of publication. The letter was written by one who observed our noted president's abilities for four years and therefore is well qualified to write.

Rockford College,
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Madam:

In reply to your letter of recent date I am sending you the credentials of Miss Becker. As far as the English is concerned you will find Miss Becker a literary genius far ahead of her age. She has written some of the finest essays and orations I have ever known a high school girl to produce.

Miss Becker ranks second in the class of nine. Her standings in Latin and Geometry bring her average down a little, but that is largely due to a wrong method of determining the final grade.

I do not hesitate one moment to recommend Miss Becker as one that can be placed entirely on her honor. There is no fooling with her; she minds her lessons and her own business and does it well.

I hope you will do all you can for Miss Marguerite Becker. Unless I miss my guess she will make a grand mark some day as a scholar and teacher, if she wishes to follow that profession.

Yours truly,

E. F. Lee.

Superintendent of Adrian State High School.

The Spice of College Life



Extracts from an R. C. catalogue of July 28, 1856.

"In addition to a thorough instruction in the several Departments of Science and the Fine Arts, special attention is given to Health and the culture of the Heart; and to whatever will truly elevate woman as a social, intellectual and religious being, and prepare her to fill with ability and usefulness the sphere for which God has designed her.

These departments are modeled after the well regulated family; therefore each member, as a part of her home education, will share in the responsibilities of the household, such as every wise parent would appoint, and every dutiful daughter cheerfully perform."

"The loss of a single lesson is felt for many weeks."

"The young lady should not leave home without India rubber overshoes and an umbrella."

Answers to rapid fire questions in a ten minute quiz in *History of Rockford College* (a hypothetical course at present, but we recommend it strongly as a Junior college course to be taken in the freshman year and to carry half an hour's credit. Prerequisite or parallel: An open mind.)

1. Date of founding of R. C. 1618 (Eleanor Tally says it must be at least two or three hundred years old.)

2. First President Jane Addams.

3. First Graduates Miss Sill
Miss Church
Miss Olmsted
Mr. D. Dee
Mrs. Triedto, nee Miss Couldn't.

4. Original Site Dubby.

5. What Denomination Somnambulism (according to Mr Herrick.)

6. Economic Conditions Not very

7. Social Conditions Much improved over those of last year.

8. What became of the Kaiser's picture? "Daisies won't tell, dear."

9. Form of Government Feudal
Villeins Faculty
Serfs Students.

10. Language spoken Near English
Infant French
Slang
Shorthand.

11. States represented Coma
Unmarried
Mental Stagnation
Illinois.

12. Degrees conferred 1. B.A.
2. B.S.
3rd.

13. Function of the Chinese urn in the Students' parlor:
To hold ashes, trustees' and cigarette.

14. Charter Social Regulations.

15. By whom founded The Feete, i.e. the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Foote.

16. When discovered Annually, by the Freshmen.

WHEN MILITARISM ENTERED OUR COLLEGE

Kitchen Police: Bailey, Johnson and Co.
M. P.: Proctors.
Sentinels: House Committee.
Furloughs: Measles or nervous breakdowns.
Guard Duty: The Kaiser.
Bayonet Practise: Hockey Slaughters.
Lewis Machine Gun: Lewis running mechanically up and down the corridor.
Guard House: Dorwyn.
Hand Grenades: Slams.
Reveille: A big gray cat on one's chest.
Setting-up exercises: Getting the Annual off on time.
Mess: Ballet slippers at breakfast.
Taps: Any cat party.
Report to Headquarters: The day the cons come out.
Retreat: Hasty ones often beat when Miss Irvin shows prospective students thru the dormitory.
Inspection: Notebooks before finals.
Present Arms: In a perfectly respectable position for dancing conventionally.
Bunk Fatigue: An abundance of exponents of the art of daily napping.
Gas Attacks: Estle and Beulah Mae.
Stable Duty: Proctoring in the Library.
Rifle Range: After the reception for the Day Students' parents.
Tanks: What the members of the Annual Staff never get.
Gas Masks: Asleep Signs.



VARE LEEB

THE BRIDGE

I am not a long haired poet of old!
I breathe the fire of twertieth century genius and
I seize inspiration from dish-towels and kid curlers and
I write myself out with gusto—
I and Amy!

THEME PAPER

Look at this pad of paper—
Smirchless and white as the new-fallen snow.
It looks like the soul of an innocent Virgin—
It came from Shimmin's.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN

It
Flows
When I shake it vigorously!
Sometimes
It showers
Blots—
Black, black, black
Like stains on Wilhelm's conscience.

MY BLOTTER

This is my blotter, two by four
Inches!
It absorbs as do the lacteals of a villus.
But it is so little!
Shall I throw it in the waste basket?

"SUCCESS THROUGH FAILURE"

My theme has come back—
Or is it a theme?
Or is it a pie spattered with berry juice—
The red blood of the raspberry?
I shall make a new pie!

THE LIFT

It
Enfolds
The memories of our joys and of our sorrows
Our illusions of cleverness
Our hallucinations which we call jokes—
Yet it is
Our annual.

Tell us not by cranky glances
You can't take a joke with glee;
For full many a one enhances
Our waste-baskets, aimed at thee!
Jokes are no joke! Don't we know it?
Yet to slam is not our aim!
Tho we've spared you all we're able,
Yet we've got you, just the same.





Read an ad { vertisement
ditional joke



To Relieve the Monotony

Girls who must provide their own dainties, and do it without devoting much time to it, generally rely upon fudge and ginger-snaps and wafers of different kinds—or something else that is *common*.

And all in spite of the fact that

JELL-O

"So nice and fresh and cool, to relieve the monotony," as a Vassar girl says, can be made up in a minute into any one of a hundred different dishes.

It isn't a crime to eat fudge, day after day for years, but it is an awful mistake when something so much better can be had.

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Take time, please, to send us your name and address, so we can send you a new Jell-O Book that will tell you how to make delicious things that are too good to miss.

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OH RUTH! HOW COULD YOU?

Ruth Poley: Of what great celebrity do you think when you put coal on the fire?

Bernice Cooney: You have me there, kid!

Ruth Poley: Philip the Great.

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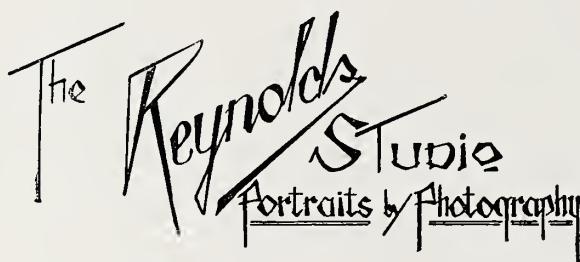
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Betty (Upon seeing soldiers in washed out khaki):

“Oh look, Hovey, at those funny white uniforms! Still they do look kind of nice for Sunday, don't they?”

M. Rosseter: “Well, if the mean of blue and yellow is 700, then why don't you get green instead of brightness?”

Buddy: “Oh, it's so mean that it won't work that way.”

Jack and Jill went up the hill
Because they both were hungry
Jack came down and pawned his razor,
And Jill et.

D. B. HUTCHINS

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YOU CAT!

Clarice: "This is a free country: I can marry any man I please."

Myra: "Well, you don't seem to please any of 'em."

THIS IS A SHARP ONE

Caesar (cutting himself)

"D—! Blankety Blank!"

Brutus (without): "What ho, m' lord?"

Caesar: "What hoe? What hoe? Gillette, damn it! Gillette!"

—Ex—

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ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM
OUR PROGRAM

1. "Dancers will meet in sections today." We're so loose-jointed, you know!
2. "There will be a short senior meeting after chapel." Those Seniors *are* short, now that we think of it.
3. "There will be a miscellaneous students' recital at 4 o'clock." Sounds like a shower, doesn't it?

"Important Freshman meeting this noon in the chapel." Well we knew it, but how did the faculty find out?"

5. "Our picture will be taken in tiers on the hockey field at 12:50." Did a hard hit, or a lost game cause the tears?

6. "You are urged to hear records appropriate to Washington's birthday on the porch at 1:15." That's contrary to what we learned in history. Let's look into it.

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Every Express brings something new, something that is different from what we have shown before, New Waists, New Sweaters, New Dresses, New Skirts, New Coats or New Suits.

If you don't find what you want today it may be here tomorrow.

This is also true of our other Departments; especially:

Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Fancy Goods, Toilet Requisites, Ribbons Laces, Silks.

Wear Stewart Shoes, they are the best. Gossard and Modart Front lace Corsets featured here.



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